The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1608 NOV. 15, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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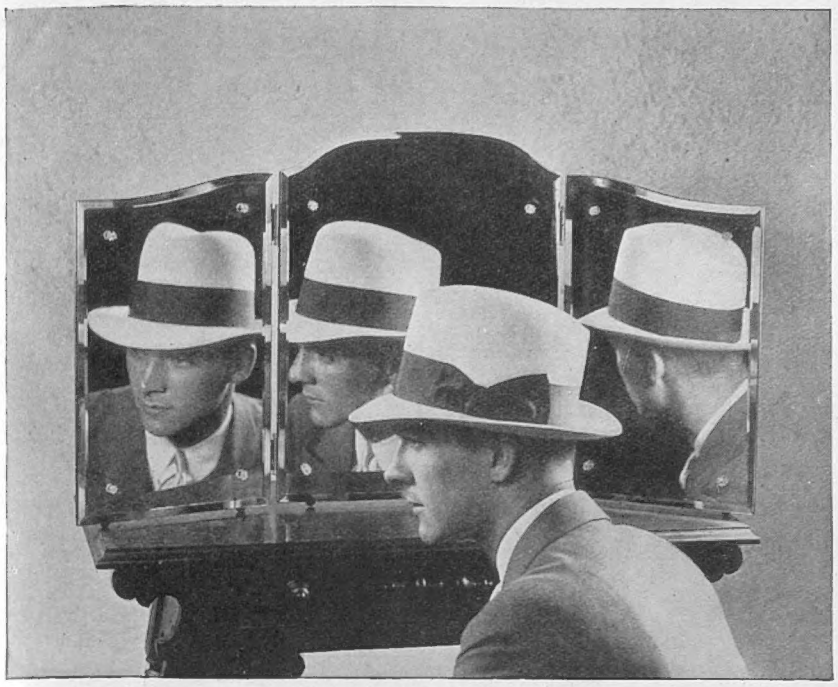

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Best quality nickel fittings, latest shaped Ebony Brushes. Compact and well designed in Pigskin Lined Suède.

Size - 10 × 7½ × 2½ ins.

£7 : 12 : 6

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In Brown Crushed Morocco Leather, containing two large bottles with screw tops, and two cream jars, mounted in silver.

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GLOVES & HOSIERY — always acceptable

All Hosiery packed in fancy boxes, Post Free.

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W. 106.—**GUARANTEED LADDER - PROOF SILK STOCKINGS.** These Stockings have 25 ins. length of Pure Silk with Lisle feet and tops. Guaranteed for two months against ladders and replaced if not satisfactory. Sheepskin, Marten, Dago, Gunmetal, Mocha, Mid - Grey, Beige, Beaver, Fawn, Nude, Sable, Creole, Pastel, Black and White. Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½.

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Price for 3 pairs **17/6**

W. 99.—Morley's famous **ENGLISH - MADE PURE SILK HOSE.** Medium weight, fully fashioned with Lisle tops and feet, dainty Lace Clox in a variety of shades, including Mauresque, Beige, Sunburn, Beaver, Fawn, Dago, Oak, Gunmetal. Sizes: 9, 9½ and 10.

PRICE, per pair, **8/11**
Price for 3 pairs, **26/6**

W. 79.—**FINE GAUGE EVENING SILK HOSE.** Dainty Lace Clox, fully fashioned, Silk throughout. Shades: Creole, Oak, Beaver, Beige, Gunmetal, and Mushroom. Sizes: 9, 9½ and 10 ins.

PRICE, per pair, **10/6**
Price for 3 pairs, **31/-**

W. 77.—Gorringes' **"STAND THE PULL" SILK STOCKINGS.** Made of French Silk, fully fashioned with Lace Clox. We will replace free every pair which fails to give satisfaction. Colours: Beige, Dago, Musquash, Sunburn, Creole and Oak. Sizes: 9, 9½ and 10 ins.

PRICE, per pair, **12/9**
Price for 3 pairs, **37/6**

W. 78.—A reliable **ENGLISH - MADE PURE SILK STOCKING,** fully fashioned, Lisle feet and tops. Shades: Beige, Oak, Rose-Beige, Shoe Grey, Creole, and Beaver. Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10 and 10½ ins.

PRICE, per pair, **6/6**
Price for 3 pairs, **19/-**

G. 33.— Ladies' **SUPER QUALITY MOCHA FINISH LAMBSKIN GLOVES** with cosy, fleecy lining. Wrist lined natural Coney and cuffs trimmed Real Fur to tone. In Slate, Heather, Brown or Beaver. Exceptional value.

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G. 30.—Ladies' **"LAP-WING" SUPER QUALITY DEGRAIN,** Mocha finish, newest shape gauntlet with warm, fleecy lining, and trimmed Real Fur to tone. In Mushroom, Nigger or Slate.

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Use "Vapex" at once. It penetrates all the complicated passages beyond the reach of any liquid medicine. It kills the germs and acts like a gentle stimulant to the whole respiratory system. You can literally feel it charming away your cold by this swift, safe, effective and most convenient method.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

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Skirt to match 63/-

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Desirable Underwear

Pure Milanese Silk Set; edged lace; in White, Pink or Peach.

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EXCLUSIVE AS EVER AND NOW LESS COSTLY

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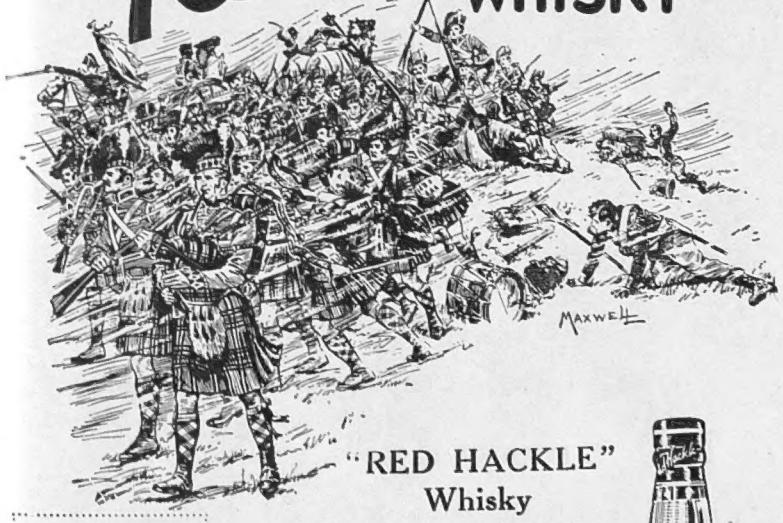

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Distilled from rich, home-grown barley, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.

Awarded First Prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.

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SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

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RELIABLE FURS

Raw Furs taken as a whole have fallen in price from 40 to 45 per cent. during the last twelve months. As, however, labour, cleaning, dyeing and working costs show no reduction it might be assumed that a fair price for Furs is approximately 33 per cent. below last winter's prices. For our part we welcome these new price levels, as they enable us to sell sound and reliable Furs of our own well-known high standard of manufacture at prices which compare favourably with those at which many Furriers were selling cheap and inferior Furs last winter. We have no hesitation in saying that our present collection is by far the most interesting we have ever shown.

"NATURAL MUSQUASH."

A NATURAL BROWN MUSQUASH FUR COAT with attractively worked collar and cuffs.

PRICE **29 Gns.**

In natural foalskin and squirrel, from **39 Gns.**

In seal-dyed coney with contrasting fur collars, from **29 Gns.**

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FOLLOW THE SUMMER SOUTHWARDS

"BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

Follow Summer Southwards this Winter on a Blue and Gold Tour to South Africa, the Dominion of Blue Skies, Golden Sunshine and Health.

The refreshing ocean voyage, new scenes and interests, the delightful outdoor life, the social and sporting amenities, and, above all, the moderate travel costs, combine to make these tours the superb Winter Holiday. Excursion sailings throughout December, 1930, and January, 1931.

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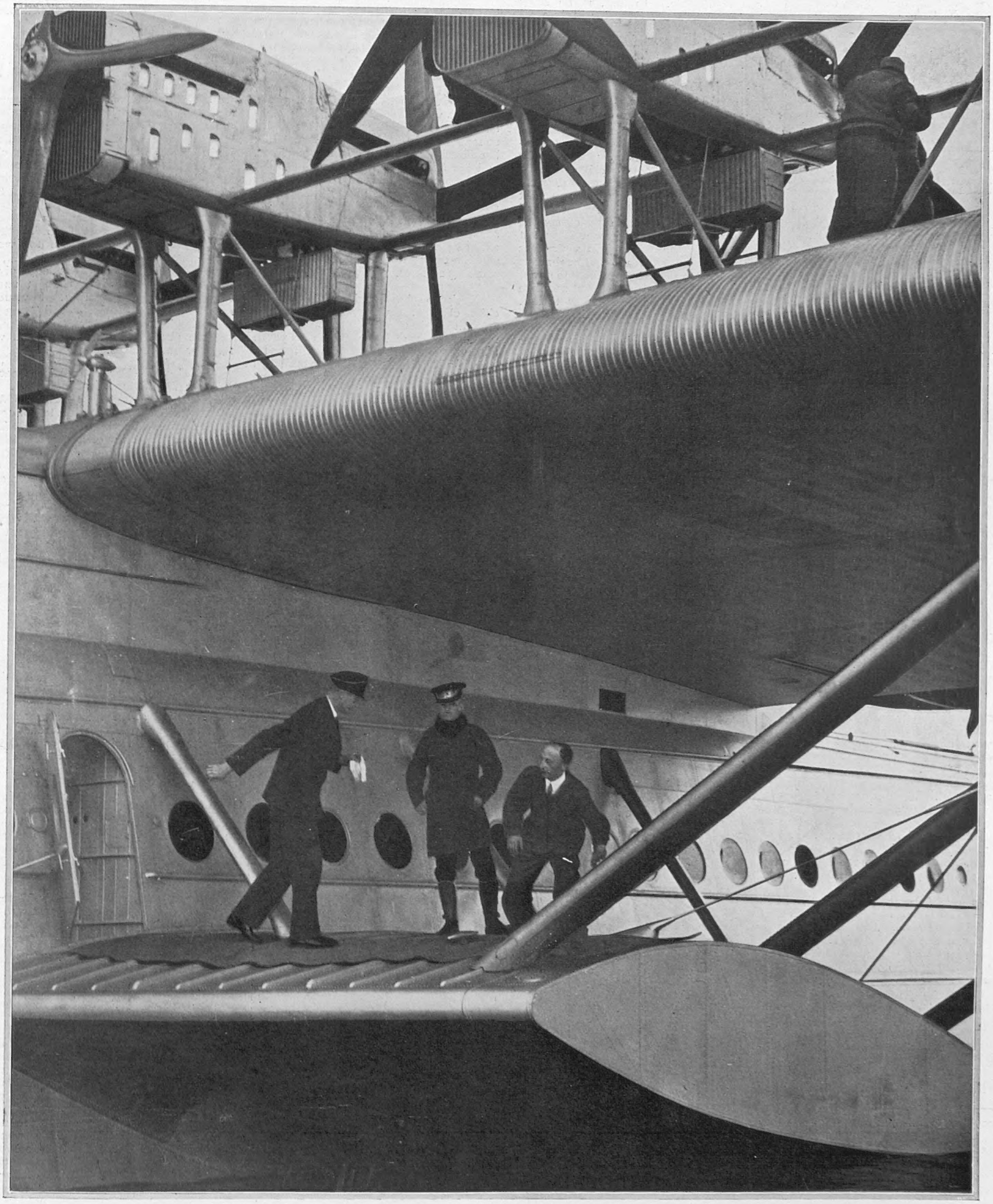
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1608 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, November 15, 1930



THE LARGEST FLYING BOAT in the World, the Dornier "Do X," Visits CALSHOT en route to AMERICA

The greatest heavier-than-air machine the world has ever seen, the gigantic twelve-engined "Do X," touched at Calshot on Monday *en route* from Germany to the United States. Aboard her, among the great notabilities of the flying world, was Lady Drummond-Hay, "The Sphere's" special correspondent. Her itinerary may be headed: Amsterdam, Calshot, Bordeaux, Corunna, Lisbon, the Azores, and the U.S.A. The great 'plane's landing at Calshot was spectacular, as her speed was 90 m.p.h. and her tail was well up. The picture given here shows her wall-like side with its row of portholes, a veritable ship of the air. The re-fuelling of the 'plane will be carried out in mid-ocean by pipes run out to tankers. Her weight, fully loaded, is fifty-three tons, but her present weight is forty-three tons. On Tuesday the flag flew at half mast, and Dr. Dornier was at the Cenotaph.

A London Newsletter

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR: Sir Phene Neal in the mayoral state coach. Sir Phene has practised as a solicitor for forty-two years

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 12, 1930.

Celebrations Grave and Gay.—In mid-November two famous and neighbourly fixtures, the Lord Mayor's Show and the Armistice celebrations, combine to dislocate the traffic during one of the busiest weeks of the year even in normal times. It is a season of the year when dislocation of transport falls heaviest on London workers. And 1930 is abnormal in the pressure of public business. Of these two fixtures one is purely frivolous, the other indescribably solemn. The Lord Mayor's Show has been an annual fixture for centuries, the Armistice celebration for a bare dozen years. And while the sensible suggestion of our Foreign Office (which sentimentalists and jealous patriots misconstrued) concerning Foreign Governments and national cenotaphs, had no effect on the solemnity of the Armistice Day proceedings, it is abundantly clear that the frivolous fixture has found no late rival in longevity in the Armistice silence. It is clear to me that within a generation, possibly in the next decade, the silence will no longer be nationally observed. And why should it? The Lord Mayor is a figure in the life of every generation, the Great War is not. It is but a grand scale Armada, a giant Waterloo, or Trafalgar. It will die out as a national observance, and it would be prudent, to avoid misunderstanding, if the date of discontinuance were fixed by agreement in advance, say, after the twentieth or thirtieth year. This grand observance must not be suffered to die of neglect.

The Shame of My Party.—I was once a Liberal. When it became impossible any longer to call itself Whig my family labelled itself Liberal. We praised famous men—such as the G.O.M.—and understood that the Liberal Party had inherited, and practised, some of the nobler political principles of the Greys and the Russells. And now when I contemplate the Liberal Party—mine no longer—words expressing my contempt and loathing fail me. Politically, I see that fallen angel, Mr. George, in colours too red to be mixed, with a tail too forked to be depicted on a handy canvas. He prates of our country's ruin, he urges the vital necessity for practical schemes of retrenchment and measures to reduce unemployment. He condemns the Government in office for their utter failure to check the coming crash. He has it in his power—has had it for months—to dash their impotent hands from the kicking wheel, and he forbears. It doesn't suit his—Mr. George's—political and personal book. In a re-shuffle just now he could not expect to be dealt a pretty hand; a "full-house." And behind this strangely-disguised patriot stand shamefacedly the ragged remnant of what was once a courageous, united, and clear-sighted party.

Cincinnatus.—From this degradation of patriotism Sir John Simon, Sir R. Hutchison, and one or two more last week revolted. And if I may say so, not too soon. The public, which is so deplorably broadminded or apathetic in politics, has begun to take notice of Mr. George's lamentable rôle. The public, which remembers with a gasp of astonishment that twelve years ago to-day Mr. George was playing the lead in the grandest drama history ever presented, sees him now scrambling for halfpence in the political gutter. Mr. George, it is true, declares that there are sound political reasons for leaving the squandermaniacs in office, a view from which Shipley very clearly dissents. In fact, if he delay much longer, Mr. George will lose all power to upset the apple-cart. How wise was Cincinnatus who, after his dictatorship, returned to his farm (his Roman Churt) taking his sheaves — a great reputation—with him.

A Dictator at Last.—It is practically certain that before Christmas Mr. A. P. Herbert will be forced into the open as an active passive-resister of Parliamentary squandermania; that means that he will head a powerful revolution against the authority of a Parliament which has proved itself as insincere as it is incompetent. Conservatives and Liberals still show no sign of coming together to destroy the present regime of ruin, despite their own pious aspirations regarding root and branch retrenchment. It don't suit any party to come into power now, therefore the country must continue to be bled white to suit party tactics. Mr. Herbert gave the politicians rope until the second reading of the Education Bill—he refused to educate other people's children as well as his own four. Since the Opposition has not wrecked the Government over that Bill, the Herbert *coup d'état* will now be preluded with a passive-resistance campaign. The tax gatherer will be sent empty away. I may be as frank as Mr. Herbert. It is indeed an open secret that our resistance cave is powerful, well organized, and determined. Disguised as water gipsies, we taxpayers, drawn from every profession and calling, have for months past been meeting after dark on board a fleet of disused canal barges. We talk and we drill and we coin slogans, and none is more happy at slogan-coining than our energetic leader. Early in the New Year the blow will fall on the decayed institution of Parliament. We shall meet the tax-gatherer with slogans and stinkbombs, and the whole edifice of Parliament will topple. Then on the rising tide of reaction—with the slogan "Nothing for nothing" on the lips of every bold, free citizen—Dictator Herbert's long and prosperous administration will begin.

Round Table Personalities.—The Round Table Conference is getting into its stride and St. James's presents at certain hours a truly Oriental picture peopled with types from many races, creeds, ranks, and callings familiar to those who live in one of the great cities of India. The Indian States' delegation had already, before the full session opened, evolved a cut-and-dried and very unanimous policy, and the Maharaja of Kashmir, acting for his brother of Patiala, came to the Round Table with a fine reputation, newly made, for statesmanship and clear thinking. The Aga Khan, so familiar a figure in English social life, has already achieved much as a mediator, and his influence will continue to be felt throughout the Conference. Sir Akbar Hydari is another very important personage at St. James's. He represents the premier Indian State, Hyderabad, whose sound financial basis is the envy of India and of political financiers, and is in no small measure due to Sir Akbar's outstanding abilities.

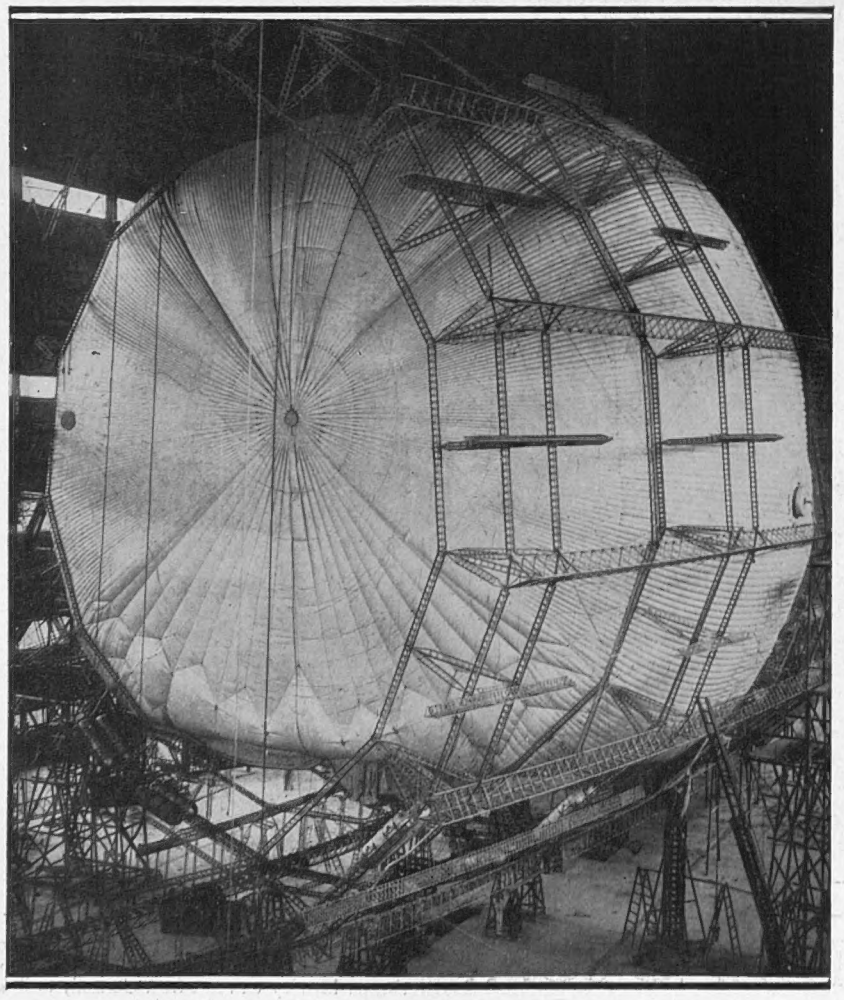
Back to the Land.—Dr. Addison's chief claim to authority on matters agricultural is that he is a Lincolnshire man by birth, and perhaps in his youth the prosperity of Lincolnshire farmers inculcated in him an ineradicable optimism concerning agriculture. The sometime professor of anatomy is now about to spend untold millions of public money in one more effort to turn unqualified men on to the suffering land. Wherever we roam we see even experienced farmers, trained for generations to the business, utterly unable to make both ends meet. Even when they dodge the wages problem by working the farms *en famille* as a family concern, you find highly-trained experts engaged in a hopeless struggle. There is not a county in England that has not bitter proof of the failure of small holdings and the failure of untrained amateurs. The country is supporting thousands of trained agricultural labourers whom the depression in agriculture has thrown out. These are the men whom any agricultural measure in relief of unemployment should aim to reinstate. For such there is no need of training centres; they are all graduates and need not instruction but work. If a third part of the money which Dr. Addison proposes to squander in fixing square pegs into round holes were devoted to helping the farmers, who struggle on, the tale of trained workers would gradually be absorbed and the unemployment figures might then be reduced with some expectation of permanency.

Third-party Risks.—It is a comfort to learn that we need not personally apply to our insurance companies for certificates of third-party insurance. If we are adequately covered in this respect we shall receive, without action taken, the necessary chit from our companies. On January 1 we shall be liable to fines if we drive "uncovered," and if the chit is not neatly folded in our driving licence. It will be wanted also by the authorities before they renew our car licences. So, mercifully, the motorist is not likely to be involved in much additional office work before he dare take the road. The trend of legislation continues to favour the insurance companies. It is still, at any rate, 18 to 1 against any given insured motorist making a claim under third-party risk insurance. Seventeen out of every eighteen of us fail "to get a Christian" in any given year. But I daresay the abolition of the speed limit will improve our chances.

"Liaison."—For General Spears's *Liaison* I have nothing but praise. In these days a serious contribution to War history, which it is impossible to put down unfinished, is a pearl of great price. The strategy and tactics of a naval battle, I have never yet followed, and only once or twice have I clearly comprehended the design of commanders and the movements of corps in a land battle. General Spears has proved himself the Napier of the Great War, and a greater than Napier, for his difficulties are multiplied tenfold. It is a tragic epic which he has given us. The whims of Helen and the lusts of her lovers deluged Troy in blood, and have their counterpart in the personal vanities and weaknesses of the army chiefs in the Great War. Our fathers, brothers, and sons too often gave their lives cheerfully as the price of the pettiness, ignorance, and personal pride of unwisely chosen, ill-qualified war leaders and inelastic cast-iron strategies. In clear, musical, and dignified prose, from which General Spears seldom deviates, the great epic which ended at the Marne is revealed at last to every man who can read. And those who can feel as well as read find their eyes for ever dimmed with the tears of things. For in the very moderation with which the truth is revealed, in the impersonal style of the narrative, in the haunting and vivid word-painting, in the accuracy and completeness of the documentation, the wanton waste and crass stupidity of war is branded on our consciousness. *Liaison* should be the Bible of the League of Nations.

Some Autumn Books.—The Victorian Age is once more brought vividly to our firesides this autumn in Mr. Buckle's latest edition of the Queen's letters and in Sir Fritz Ponsonby's lively *Sidelights*. Once before I expressed my astonishment at Sir Fritz's juggernaut audacity. It is all very well to preface his edition of the Empress Frederick's letters and of his new *Sidelights on Queen Victoria* with an assurance that the published documents reveal the fine characters of famous crowned heads. His books undoubtedly reveal two strong, obstinate, narrow-minded, and bigoted women, great ladies as instinct with pride and dignity as devoid of humour and imagination. But what nine out of ten readers see in Sir Fritz's intriguing books is a servant of Royalty profanely lifting the sacred curtain to reveal the broad comedy—tragi-comedy if you will—of the life of Royalty as it then was, and the inexcusable obstructions which royal persons up to the beginning of the century were suffered to present to the smooth working of democratic government. Yet one cannot read these two books on Victoria without a thrill of pride in the thought that he is a child of that proud age of dignified government and strict convention.

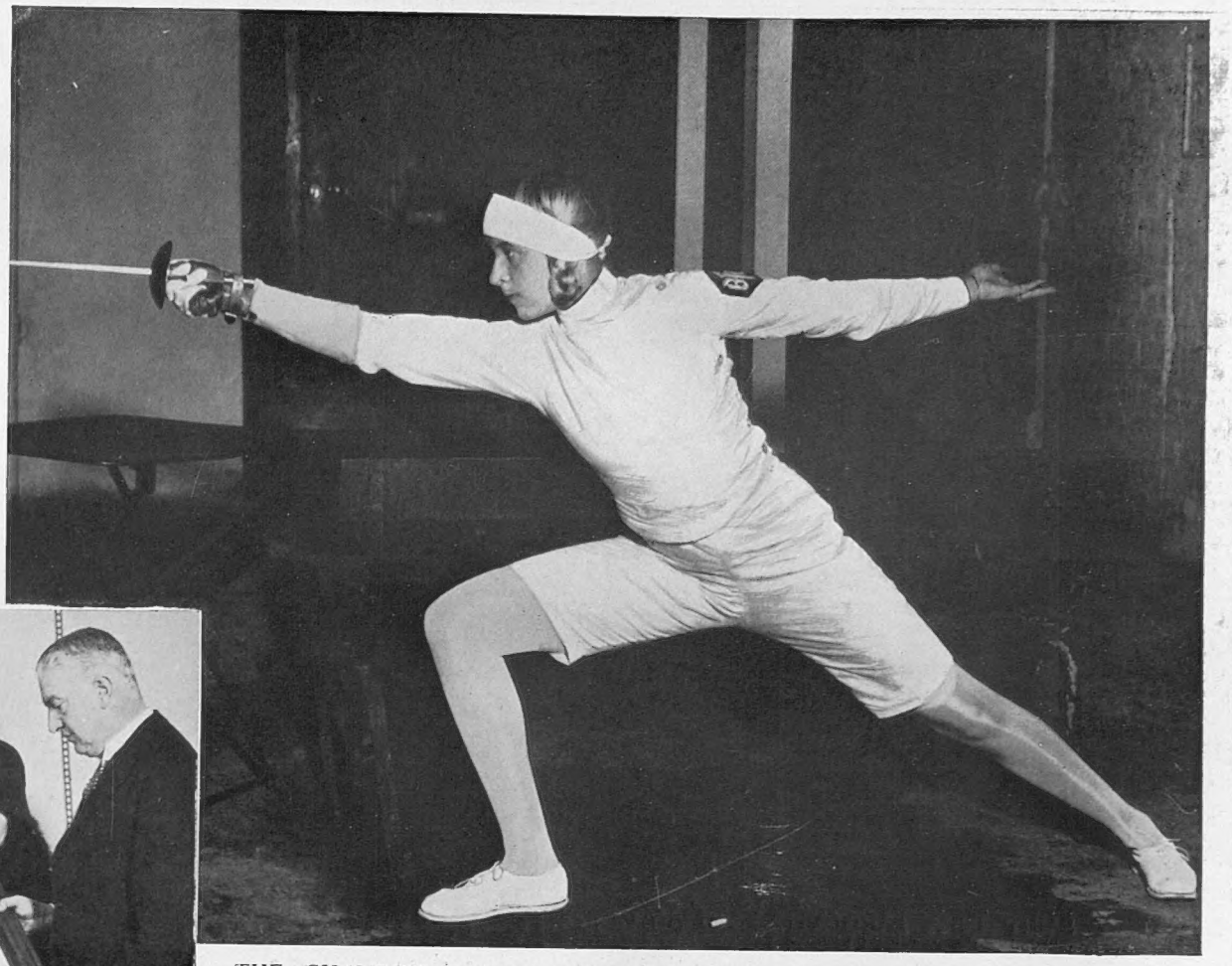
THE OLD STAGER.



THE CHAFING OF THE WIRES: The startling disclosure was made at the public inquiry into the *R 101* fatality that she started for India "with thousands of points of foulings," i.e., points of padding made on the off-chance of the bag touching the wires. A great deal of gas may have escaped and, by diminishing the lift, forced the airship down to its tragic end. The inquiry has been adjourned until December 2

The ROUND of the DAY

at Home and Abroad



THE CHAMPION FOIL: Fräulein Mayer, the German fencing champion, who won the Alfred Hutton Cup, an international trophy for swordswomen, after a fierce bout in London with Miss Betty Butler, the British champion, last week. Fräulein Mayer is a very typical exponent of her age and race, for German girls of to-day are slim and athletics mad

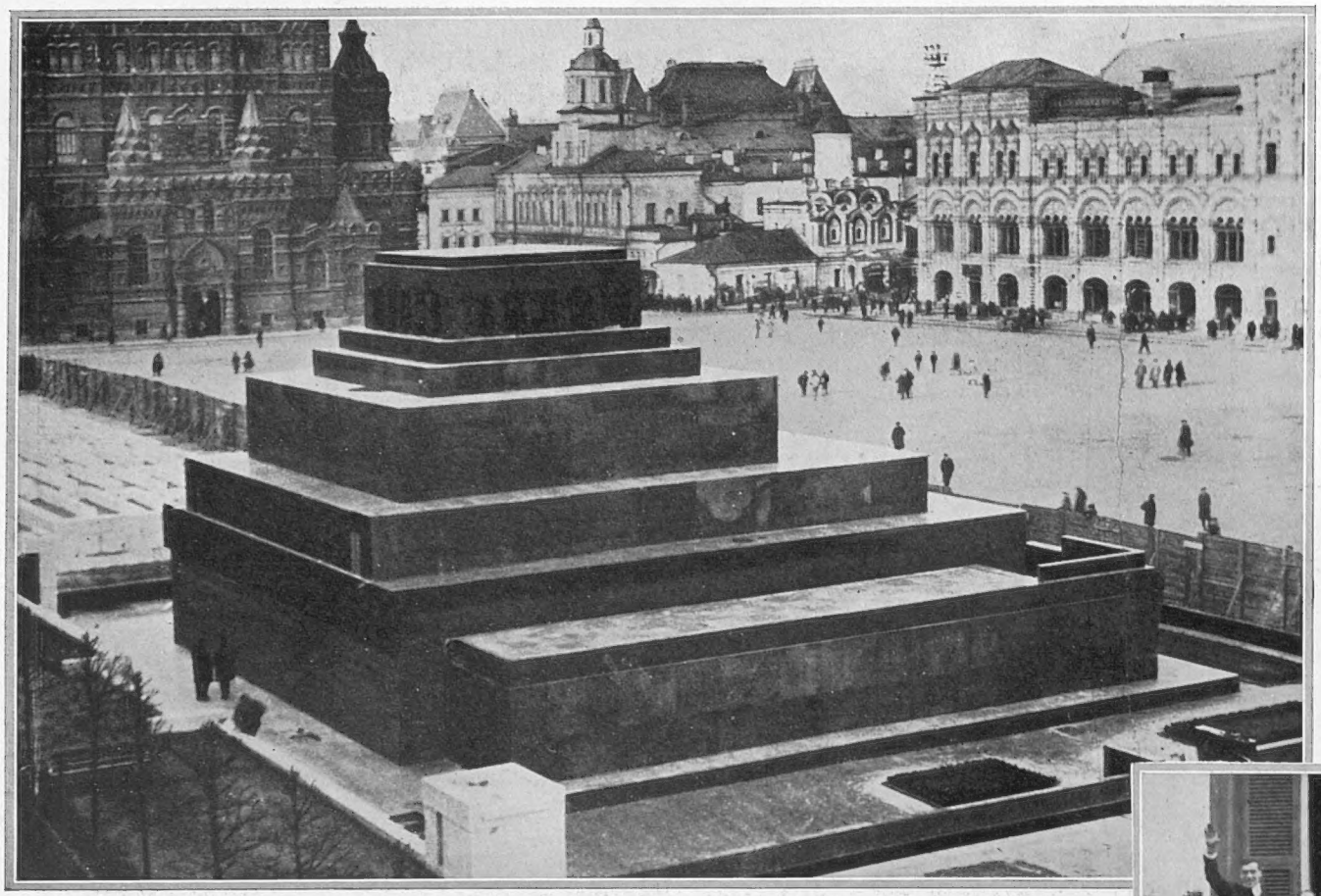
A POSTHUMOUS AWARD: The Liverpool coroner presents to the family of Robert Yen, the Chinese hero of the Pitt Street fire, a cheque and the Carnegie certificate

H.R.H. IN CHEERY MOOD: The Prince of Wales attended a boxing tournament held by the Metropolitan Police Athletic Club at Lambeth Baths last week. The heir to the throne is seen above with a cigar relishing with expert eye the evolutions in the square ring, for H.R.H. is something of an expert judge or practitioner in most forms of sport

THE CYCLE LEARNS FROM THE CAR: A dashboard fitted with many devices is a feature of 1931 motorcycles as evidenced by the Olympia Show. This is quite an innovation on these vehicles

AN AUSTRALIAN WINS AN AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP: Mrs. Keith Miller who broke by twelve minutes short of four hours the woman's record for flying from the west to the east of the U.S.A. Mrs. Miller, who flew the distance in 21 hr. 47 min., made several stops en route and yet defeated the previous record of 25 hr. 35 min. held by Miss Laura Ingalls

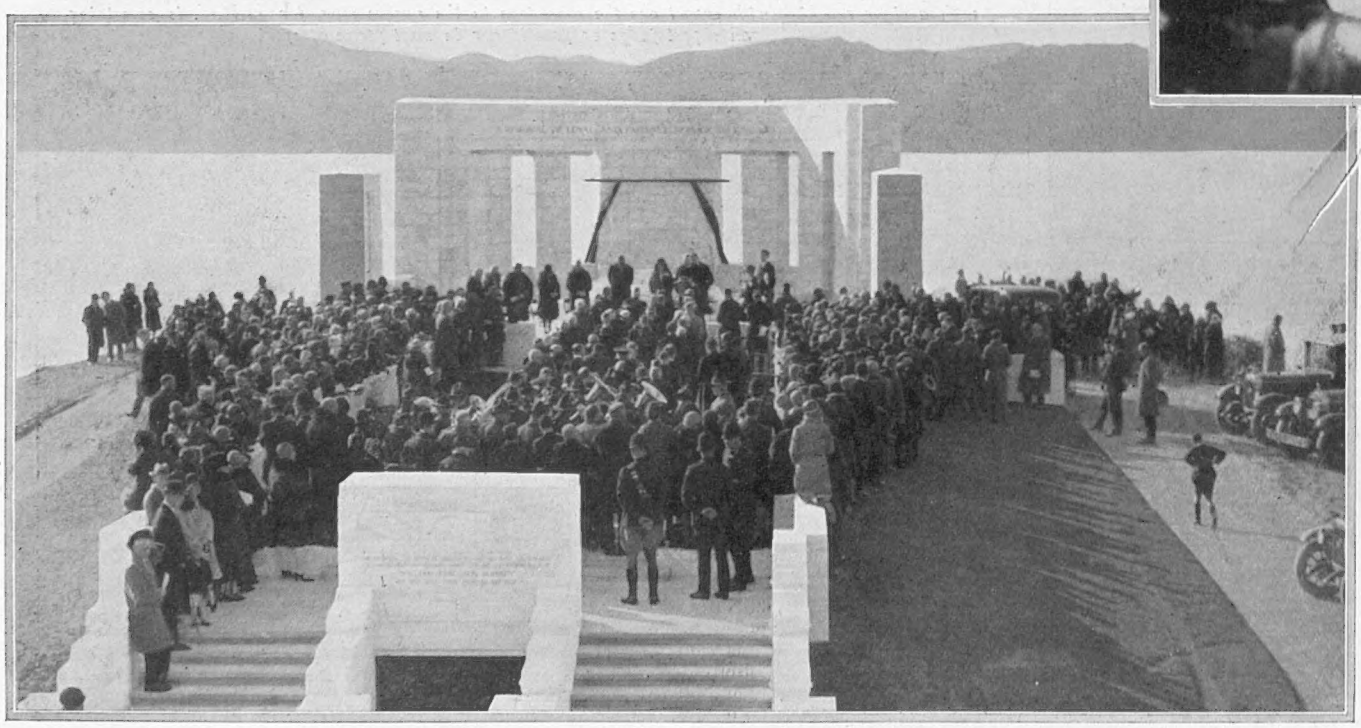
The NEWS *from* ABROAD *told in* PICTURES



THE ONLY SAINT IN A LAND ATHEIST BY LAW: The giant 10,000 ton granite tomb in Red Square, Moscow, in which lies the embalmed body of Lenin. The remains are enthroned in a cubic hall of tri-coloured granite, the sides of which are 33 ft. long. He is dressed in a khaki tunic and lies in a glass case kept at a temperature of 50·5 deg. while a Red sentry keeps vigil outside

WAR IN BRAZIL: Federal troops landing with their equipment on a strip of beach near Rio de Janeiro, whither they were rushed to oppose the victorious assault of the rebel forces on the capital. The successful revolution in the great Latin-American State produced grave repercussions in the dominant Power of that Continent, for the U.S. Government was severely censured for "backing the wrong horse"

A TRIUMPHAL WELCOME: Primo Carnera, the pugilist irreverently styled "The Ambling Alp" by the newspapers in America, where he had a phenomenally successful tour, was given a triumphal reception on his return to his native Italy. The acclaim that greeted him rivalled that awarded to Mussolini, to whom, incidentally, Carnera has sworn undying fealty and the consecration of all his energies to Italia



A MEMORIAL TO A GREAT STATESMAN: H.E. the Governor-General of New Zealand, Lord Bledisloe, unveiled an imposing memorial at Point Halswell, Wellington, to the Right Hon. William Ferguson Massey, ex-Prime Minister of the Dominion. The words inscribed on the great marble plinth read, "A Memorial of Loyal and Faithful Service to King and Country"

COME to the CAPITAL to CROWN the KING

Abyssinians at the Ceremonies at Addis Ababa

The chamma is the essential feature of Abyssinian dress. Properly suspended it gives shade in the desert, it becomes a bed-covering at night, and it lends itself equally well to the requirements of the shepherd, the warrior, or the city coquette. . . . Until recently only the clergy wore any head-dress, consisting in their case of an enormous turban of white cloth. Nowadays both men and women are becoming fond of European-made broad-brimmed felt hats. . . . The chiefs distinguished by the Emperor modify their national costume by wearing a silk or satin shirt decorated with silver or gold. Finally, the supremely desired article of clothing is the lebde, or pelerine, offered only by the Emperor as a reward for striking conduct. This pelerine is made of lion or black leopard skin, ornamented with silver thread. The skin is so cut that the forelegs and tail dance in the wind.—Writes Robert P. Skinner.

IS GREAT BRITAIN LIVING above her INCOME?

Spending has Not Decreased in Spite of Increased Taxation During a Period of Acute Depression. An Examination of the Present Position

by

H. HAMILTON WHYTE

who recently addressed the British Association on this vital matter

During the last ten years Great Britain has been passing through one of the longest and most acute periods of trade depression ever experienced in the course of her history. The average figure of unemployment for thirty years before the War was about 4 per cent. of the insured population. Since then it has risen to nearly 14 per cent., so that the abnormal post-War percentage is 10 per cent., which represents nearly a million and a quarter workers for whom no work has been available all these years. Nevertheless in spite of these conditions even the casual observer must be struck by the fact that popular spending has not diminished. Before the recent collapse in world trade our great retail stores were earning record profits. The industries which have weathered the storm successfully have been those producing conventional luxuries such as tobacco, beer, and chocolate. It has been a period of rapid expansion in the cinema, wireless, and pleasure motor transport, especially the charabanc, while there has been an extension amongst all classes in the use of the newspaper and in holiday travel. Such is the paradox of contemporary social life which puzzles the thoughtful observer and lulls the thoughtless into a false sense of security. Since the beginning of this year there has been an unprecedented fall in world prices which has caused a serious recession in trade throughout all the leading nations. The repercussion of this latest collapse will not be fully felt in this country until the coming winter, but the alarming increase in the figures of the unemployed to over 2,000,000 is sufficient indication of the gravity of the situation. Hence it behoves the nation to make sure that she is not living in a fool's paradise.

In the case of an individual it is not difficult to see that a rise in his standard of living is only possible in one of three ways. He may increase his income, he may reduce his savings, or he may borrow and thus spend more by running into debt. It is similar with a nation, but the complexity of modern life renders it more difficult to observe what is happening, During the War the enormous increase in national expenditure was brought about chiefly by the last-named method, and the huge debt accumulated during those years intensifies the burden which the nation is carrying to-day. But this does not account for the continued expenditure since 1920. Has the national income increased, or are we living partly on our savings, or is it that both factors are at work?

Sir Josiah Stamp and Professor Bowley in their analysis of the changes in the national income between 1911 and 1924 estimated that the real income per head after allowing for changes in the value of money, and in the number of the population, had fallen by 5 per cent. during that period. Mr. A. W. Flux placed it at the lower figure of 3 per cent. Since 1924 there has been a considerable fall in the level of prices which means a rise in real income as is shown in the first table on this page which brings the figures down to the end of 1929.

The National income on this basis shows an increase between 1924 and 1929 of 14 per cent. Population increased during the same period by 2 per cent. Therefore the *per capita* increase in the national income is 12 per cent. This increase has counteracted the fall which took place between 1911 and 1924, so that compared with 1911 the increase in 1929 is about 6 per cent. This figure will doubtless surprise some of my readers. It indicates that trade depression during the last ten years has not led to a fall in the National income, however much it may have prevented a rise, a fact which helps to explain the maintenance of expenditure, A more detailed anaylsis, which space forbids, would show that the occupied population since the war have insisted upon a standard which has prevented the whole available working population being employed, and rather than lower that standard they have been prepared to maintain an excessive number in idleness. Such a situation, even if the nation could afford it, is thoroughly unsound. To enforce idleness upon a large section of able-bodied workers over a long period must cause deterioration and so undermine our competitive efficiency.

But as suggested above continued expenditure may result not only from a rise in income but through a reduction in savings. The annual volume of savings which a nation must maintain is not easy to estimate, but it must at least be sufficient to enable her to compete successfully in international markets. At present such competition is particularly keen, so that the producer who wishes to retain his markets is faced with the constant necessity of replacing plant by more up-to-date appliances which in this era of "Rationalization" may mean the complete reorganization of the entire industry. Further, the absorption of over 2,000,000 unemployed workers will require the setting up of new industries, and this will only be possible by providing an adequate supply of capital in the hands of enterprising business leaders. Most important of all, the serious relapse of the last nine months will compel industrialists to rely more than ever upon reserves if they are to survive until the recovery takes place. If further evidence is wanted of the need for more capital the fact that the British Government in offering the best security in the world has to offer 5 per cent. (1½ to 2 per cent. above pre-war rates) is sufficient proof that we are suffering to-day from what Sir Josiah Stamp calls a "capital hunger." The Committee on National Debt and Taxation estimated that after allowing for changes in prices and population the national savings in 1925 were between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 less than in 1913. This estimate is based on assumptions which imply certain habits on the part of the community, and if it is believed that these have not changed the figures of national income for 1929 show an improvement. The savings in 1929 on the basis of the Committee's figures would be somewhere between 65,000,000 and 115,000,000 below the 1913 figure. This is roughly 15 per cent. below pre-war standards. But appearances clearly indicate that habits have changed and that in the direction of rising expenditure, and yet there is no evidence to show that there has been any falling off in habits of thrift. A recent investigation states that the annual volume of small savings collected through agencies like the Savings Bank, Post Office Savings Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Co-operative Societies, etc., is between 110,000,000 and 130,000,000 which is over 20 per cent. of the total. This tends to confirm our conclusion that the national income has risen in spite of unemployment including wages which cover the largest section of the working population. So we must look for the explanation to our problem in some other direction.

One striking feature of the post-War period has been a rapid increase in various forms of socialized income, and an examination of this factor helps to throw light on the question. The third table speaks for itself.

It is not only possible but very probable that the major portion of this cost is at the expense of savings, for the following reason. The bulk of the annual savings of the nation is derived from undistributed trade profits and the incomes of the wealthier classes. As already stated, small savings amount to something over 110,000,000 annually, which is roughly about 20 per cent. of the total. But this sum is accumulated by the relatively small contributions of nearly three-quarters of the entire population. This means, on the other hand, that 80 per cent. of the nation's savings is secured from 25 per cent. of the total population. "Spectacular additions to the nation's savings are made chiefly by the recipients of large incomes, by public companies which place large sums 'to reserve,' and by other wealthy agencies." In a detailed estimate of savings for 1924 submitted to the Colwyn Committee, Mr. Coates placed undistributed trade profits at just below 200,000,000 out of a total of 500,000,000. All such large incomes are subject to full direct taxation, while most of the remainder is not assessable to income tax. Hence it follows that most of the cost of our increased social services is met by a reduction in the volume of undistributed trade profits and other large incomes. Opinions differ as to the value of these services to the nation and the policy of redistribution which they involve, but in face of the present economic situation it must not be forgotten that they are paid for partly by reducing a valuable source of national savings. In other words the decline in national savings is not due to a fall in the national income below pre-War level but to the fact that the richer members of the community are receiving a smaller share of that income owing to higher taxation. *This means that the nation is living on her capital for the purpose of maintaining a standard which she cannot afford*, and so weakening her competitive position at the very time when competition is keenest and her rivals most formidable. Wherein lies the remedy?

A shortage of savings can only be remedied by one of two ways—either by increasing production or reducing expenditure. Recent movements towards rationalization indicate that some effort is being made in the former direction but there is no evidence of any attempt in the latter. Savings might be increased by reducing expenditure and remitting taxation. All Governments, however, prefer to preach this policy rather than practice it mainly on account of the fact that the two main objects of national expenditure are social services and national security and there is not much hope of success in political attempts to cut down either. The alternative method is for the Government to maintain taxation on conventional luxuries or if necessary increase such taxes and apply the proceeds in granting a rebate of income tax on "reserves" which are being used for the expansion of industry. Such a proposal implies a reversal of the present fiscal policy of increasing the proportion of direct to indirect taxation, and so is open to the criticism of those who support that policy. But against this criticism it can be contended that such remission of direct taxes would be conditional on a corresponding increase of savings being applied towards industrial expansion with a subsequent reduction in unemployment, and in the light of the conclusion stated above there is no reason to suppose that the nation cannot afford to do so. The second table shows that the alternative policy of making the direct taxpayer pay the biggest share has had a fair innings.

RISE IN VALUE OF NATIONAL INCOME

Year	Social income of Great Britain and N. Ireland at 1924 Values		Percentage per Capital Increase
	£ millions	Percentage	
1924	3,803	100	100
1929	4,350	114	112

TAXATION PER HEAD OF POPULATION

Year	Total	Direct	Indirect
	£ s. d.	Per Cent. of Total	
1913-14	3 11 4	57·5	42·5
1926-27	14 11 8	64·5	35·5
1927-28	15 6 3	64·7	35·3
1928-29	15 0 7	62·3	37·7
1929-30	—	64·2	35·8
1930-31	—	65·5	34·5

SOCIALIZED INCOME

Total Expenditure in Great Britain on Social Services in Millions of £

	1911		1928		1929 (estimated)
	Actual	Real*	Actual	Real*	Actual
Unemployment Insurance	—	—	42·79	35·36	53·83
National Health Insurance	—	—	37·60	31·08	38·40
Contributory Pensions	—	—	11·95	9·88	23·82
Old Age Pensions	7·36	9·21	33·71	27·86	34·92
War Pensions	—	—	56·94	47·06	53·97
Education	33·49	41·90	94·44	78·05	97·15
Housing Subsidies	·89	1·11	26·71	22·07	
Poor Relief	16·16	20·22	45·48	37·58	
Other forms	5·26	6·58	16·33	13·49	
Total	63·16	79·02	365·95	302·43	

* After allowing for changes in the value of money

1898: *A section of the crowd grouped at St. Paul's to witness the annual November pageant in the costumes, which, but one generation past, yet strike a note as alien and fantastic as the garb worn by the avowedly fancy-dressed protagonists in the procession in honour of Sir John Voce Moore*

1930: *The elephants that proved the sensation of this year's installation of Sir Phene Neal by stampeding the Embankment entrance of King's College*

WHAT THE STAMPEDE FELT LIKE: A composite photographic impression of the moment when the life-size plaster lion carried by students of King's College acted as a potent reminder to the elephants of their ancestral and hereditary jungle foe and spurred them to stampede to the attack. Over thirty people were injured and many more terrified by the occurrence

LORD MAYOR'S SHOWS

Old and New

The ELEVENTH HOUR

Armistice Day Scenes in London

THE JEWISH ARMISTICE PARADE: The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, and General Sir Ian Hamilton and Major J. B. Cohen, M.P., on Horse Guards Parade. 3,000 Jews were led by two V.C.'s

THE KING AGAIN LEADS HIS PEOPLE ON ARMISTICE DAY: His Majesty at the Cenotaph, where two years ago he caught so severe a cold. With his usual high sense of duty the King took his place in Whitehall despite the bitter cold and piercing wind. Behind the King are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. To the left and behind are the Indian Princes who have come to the Round Table Conference

UNVEILED ON ARMISTICE DAY: The Liverpool Cenotaph on St. George's Plateau was unveiled by Lord Derby. It was covered with a Union Jack covered with 12,000 Flanders poppies. 50,000 people were present and remained grouped round the memorial for the Silence

AFTER TWELVE YEARS THE SAME VAST CROWD: The scene at the Royal Exchange during the Two Minutes' Silence. The might and majesty of the British Empire were seen at the Cenotaph. Behind the King stood Princes of India and Premiers of the Empire, statesmen and generals, admirals and diplomatists, men with rows of medals, men with lines of scars, men who had lost limbs, women who had lost men. The King walked alone, the monarch who was also a humble mourner, a King in khaki walking in humility to a shrine. Behind him walked his two sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Behind them again came the Indian Princes, magnificent in purple and gold, and following came the statesmen of Britain and the Dominion Premiers all bearing wreaths

A CONSERVATIVE VICTORY: Mr. J. H. Lockwood, the Conservative candidate (right) shakes hands with his Socialist opponent, Mr. Robinson, after the Shipley by-election where Free Trade was the issue. Mr. Lockwood said after the declaration of the poll: "I attribute my wonderful victory to the deliberate intention of my constituents to safeguard our home industries and their work and wages while there is yet time. . . . The victory will have greater consequences than any of you imagine." "I suppose my defeat is due to my being caught in the whirlpool of discontent arising from the growing unemployment figures," said Alderman Robinson

EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (IV)

The Encirclement of Yugo-Slavia

A War-pregnant Factor in a Would-Be Peaceful World

by FERDINARD TOUHY

Paul-Boncour, sanest of Frenchmen, tells America that war is on the way unless France gets concrete guarantees (lost through America ducking in 1919) enabling her to disarm.

Viscount Cecil thinks one of the reasons of it all is that the horror of the last War has receded.

All round Europe, and I have been in ten countries recently, it is the same; the big men giving their views, the newspapers rarely without a "next war" article.

This is all to the good. The most promising way to forestall what so clearly threatens—1935 is the date one hears most—is to keep the ever-changing situation under perpetual review. The day has gone by when this would be called war-mongering. Rather is peace-probing the word. It may lead to misunderstandings—such as when Monsieur Herriot charges me with saying France is maintaining "a war psychosis," but anything is better than apathy, *laisser faire*, complacency, the ostrich.

We do not move these days, we flit, and since this series began we have gone into top. U.S. reintervention, forlorn disarmament rehearsings at Geneva, Austrian and Polish elections, Greco-Turkish *entente*, Soviet dumping crisis, Belgium's £12,000,000 defence arrangements, young Otto's claim to the dual crown of St. Stephen. Naturally, too, the Duce is on the autostrade, and it is now necessary to turn once more in his direction if this inquiry is to amount even to a puny outline of symptoms and possibilities.

The point I isolated, namely, that Fascist Italy has no money to fight France, has caught on (Tardieu himself has had a sly tilt at it). Upon this lack-of-*lire* premise there is already being reared the notion that we needn't bother so much about the Duce as we've been wont to do. This, I think, is wrong. The Berlin publicist, Theodore Wolff, who knows Mussolini very closely, writes that there are two Duces. The cold calculator of the immense denuded room of the Palazzo Venezia. And the cheap exciter of Youth. I agree—and would add that a good deal of the war whoopee, formerly for home consumption, is now no longer directed thither but mainly towards keeping Fascism in the foreground abroad. The majority of Italians not in State service or dependent thereon don't want to hear it. They are fed up.

Aristocracy, finance, industry, bourgeoisie, peasantry, workers, all share this satiation in varying degree. It is high time English Press homage to the alleged wonders Mussolini has wrought in his own country were corrected. In Italy the display frontage has been dressed; look behind and you see something different. Idle factories, fields, railways, people trying to sell you anything, banks toppling, a poor country weighed down by taxes to maintain all the glittering armour, industry on industry—such as the once-great tourist one—subsiding; what would be a tragic unemployment problem in other lands here bolstered up by a uniforms-for-all policy (and I shall say nought of the craving to breathe again; suggestive of a U-boat kept under). Because trains run to time and *lazzaroni* don't swarm and arrogance has been mistaken for dignity, and cities have been polished, and strikes have ceased (as elsewhere), and spectacular public works have been undertaken, you are "plugged" that it is all beer and skittles.

Yet this very Fascist failure at home is a pointer to the future. It cannot go on. Mussolini once said Italy would either have to expand or explode, and the dictum holds good. The Duce may be helpless to tackle to-day the one he is so jealous of, but the cold calculator of the immense denuded room is gradually spinning a web which could alter the whole situation in the future. It is here that you want to watch your Duce—not when he is giving an imitation of Vesuvius.

The bluebottle in the ointment, the barrier to Italian settling down the Danube, *le point névralgique*, has always been not France (in first case, at all events), but the 14,000,000 Yugo-Slav State that emanated from Versailles. (Take one symptom only: Susak has cast a blight over Fiume and even hit Trieste.) What has the Duce done about it? As the result of long years of mining and consolidating he has encircled Yugo-Slavia. The last brick tumbled into position the other day when Venizelos, having concluded a hands-across-the-Ægean pact at Angora, publicly thanked Mussolini for having made the pact possible.

Last month I was in Dalmatia, and I shall go there again now, in the mind's eye, with a view to observing this surrounding of the Serbs and Croats—who, in passing, constitute something of an internal weakness.

On the west Yugo-Slavia is confronted by Italy. There is one gap through which France can and does reinforce her ally: the Straits of Otranto. French ships were pushing in munitions and aeroplanes (100) at Cattaro when I latterly passed that way. Dictator Alexander is being deluged with war material. But the Straits are only fifty miles across, and Italian engineers, than whom there are none finer, are slaving after a super-boom system, such as we organized between Dover and Calais, and with which this one western aperture might be blocked in time of war.

Glance and you will note that Yugo-Slavia is bordered on the north by Austria and Hungary, those twins upon whose dissection the Kingdom of the Serbs and Croats distended so to its present swollen condition. Hungary has been undisguisedly hand-in-glove with the Duce for long—ever since Rome became purveyor-in-chief of smuggled armaments Budapestwards. Rome would even have Otto back—and here is a curious thing, the Quai d'Orsay might prefer that also now, to the possible alternative of a Stahremberg anti-Habsburg *anschluss* to a Hitler anti-Hohenzollern Germany. Otto's chief obstacles seem to be Benesh who points to Article 15, which says that such a return would be "dangerous to peace," and who would make it a *casus belli*, and Admiral Horthy, who loves being Regent.

In regard to Austria, I recently suggested how, in return for Sud Tyrol up to the Salurn Pass, the Austrian majority would be cordially disposed towards Rome. In any case, the Serbs are detested as "pistol people." "The only virtue they have got," I was told, "is their heroism." I also explained how valuable Austria could be to the Duce, using it (by permission) as a second Belgium for outflanking purposes down the valley of the Drau, and right into the rear of what exists of a Serb-communication system. But this must now be somewhat discounted, for I learn that the Serbs, under French ægis, are preparing to block the Drau valley with a replica of the giant pillbox system ("hatbox" would be a better term) currently being fashioned between Basle and Luxemburg.

On the east France's satellite is flanked by Rumania and Bulgaria. The former is of the Little Entente, and could act as conductor of French aid to Yugo-Slavia, such aid to pass all the way from France to Gdynia (the great new opposition port to Dantzig), down the Polish Corridor and on through the gap of Czernowitz into Rumania, whence across to Belgrade. This is the only other way that France can get to the side of Yugo-Slavia—Otranto and Czernowitz. But what is Rumania to rely upon? Apart from the fact that she may blow up any day she has Hungary to the north almost gnashing to reclaim 600,000 Transylvanians, she has the Soviet on the Ukraine border and Black Sea and equally dead set on getting back Bessarabia, and she has ever hostile Bulgaria to the south, a "revisionist" country and one recently brought into the Italian orbit at Assisi. Even with Polish and Czecho-Slovakian support (both of which would have to watch Germany and Russia for their own sakes), Rumania, far from being able to succour Yugo-Slavia, would have all her work cut out to maintain her own frontiers.

Finally, to the south Yugo-Slavia is bordered by a Greco-Turkish union sponsored by Mussolini. And by Albania. I took a bus up to Podgoritza, nodal point the Italians on Lake Scutari would at once try to seize. All about here—

"The last brick tumbled into position the other day when Venezelos, having concluded a hands-across-the-Ægean pact at Angora, publicly thanked Mussolini for making the pact possible"—M. Venezelos at Angora

where they periodically stamp on each other's flags in full view one of the other—preparations and atmosphere are such as if war were due next week, Albania is as good as part of Italy. The schoolchildren learn Italian with their native tongue, their physical instructors are Italians, and pursuant to the Fascist system as soon as boys are entrusted with a gun they may pass into the secondary educational stage, not before. (It looks like being a real war of youth next time, not only fought but largely brought on by youth.) King Zogu draws his appanage from Rome. The General Staff is exclusively Italian save for an Austrian chief, General von Mirdatch. And the Croatian General Ghilardi trains the boy scouts as the fighters of to-morrow. (Zogu has cosmopolitan tastes; he has a Cossack bodyguard and an English police chief, General Percy.)

In sum, there never was such an encirclement as this of Yugo-Slavia. I do not infer that the encircling lands are consciously furthering the Duce's policy; it just happens that their natural swing has, under guidance, been made to dovetail into his deeply laid plan. Nor have I yet finished. This plan also takes in Russia. Under treaty, the Soviet is to supply Italy with oil, coal, and wheat in return for agricultural and other machinery and motors. That the Soviet will be notably helped towards realizing its five-year plan—the object of which is to upset the European apple-cart by swamping us with slave production—by these Italian exchanges, does not incommode Mussolini whose main chance is continental disintegration. Russia would supply Italy via the Dardanelles, and Rhodes and others of the Dodecanese group in Italian possession are being fortified and fitted out partly in order that such shipments may be protected. To crown all, in this weaving, Mussolini is not so sure that Poland could not be flirted with! A profound *malaise* prevails in Poland (I shall write of it in my concluding article). The Poles already feel two of their former slicers, Germany and Russia, again hovering over them, and they derive scant encouragement from the third quarter where President Mazaryk, first declared Revisionist among the victors, has pointed to the Polish Corridor as being one of the two chief dangers to peace (Hungary the other).

To meet the situation resulting from all of the above, France is about to strengthen her satellite system. But one or two of these new countries, in bad to miserable economic plight, are commencing to look with unfriendly eye on their prospering mentor and "are open to seduction and excitation," as the French Commerce Minister recently found.

Signor Mussolini may have had exceptional terrain in the current Europe of passion, jealousy, lies, and nationalism-gone-mad. His force is his genius for juggling with this distraught Europe to his own ends while also seemingly to the ends of those with whom he juggles. He is the real Kaiser of Aftermath, the realistic genius steadily hoarding and building on the flaws of a Europe made in Paris as and when these rifts and fissures manifest themselves. He would be stroke of the Malcontent Eight. How far his policy may reach depends on what we others do in the next year or two. Already 150,000,000 Revisionists, not counting Russia, are pitted against the 115,000,000 of France and the Little Entente (of whom 30,000,000 are more than doubtful "Poles").

Italy alone—Paris smiles. But Italy has never gone to war alone. In the Crimea, Cavour was with the French and ourselves. In 1859 Italians fought with Napoleon III at Solferino and Magenta. In 1866 the Italians had Prussia alongside them. In 1918 our 5th and 7th Divisions supplied the spearhead at Papadoppoli upon which followed Vittorio Veneto. An Italy going alone to the wars to-day would have to leave much of her strength behind for supervision of the civil population. The plan is other, namely, to group and group, and then when somebody else has declared war, to join in. This would absolve the Duce under the Covenant, Locarno and the Kellogg Pact. He would not have "provoked the initiative" of a conflict.

Yet what is the "initiative"? One must read everything very carefully that comes from Rome. The murder of Franz-Ferdinand provoked 1914. A repetition of the White Hand or Dragutin could provoke its successor—nay, Fascism should be quite up to engineering the match-to-the powder, to occultly "provoking the initiative," were this absent and required.

All of which may sound dreadfully warlike and depressing and as if there were no such thing as the League. Moreover, none of these countries—the mass of the people—want to go to war.

But did they in 1914?

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SCENE OF A BITTER FORAY: The Drostdy, or old Government House at Worcester, S.A. It used to be used as a shooting-box a century ago by Lord Somerset

The BLACK SHADOW on SOUTH AFRICA

Thoughts on the General Problem Obsessing a Settlement in which there are Three Parties—Dutch, Native, and English, Provoked by the Worcester Riot

By MAJOR A. W. HOWLETT

While I was there last Eastertide certain troubles that had long been brewing came to a head in the small town of Worcester in the Cape Province. Worcester itself is a pretty little town enough in the fashion of South African towns, whose standard of beauty is one of their own and has little in common with ours. Instead of an environment of green fields and woodland, the multiplied neutral tints of the veldt, grey-greens and brown-greens and khaki-greens, spread about it for long and lonely leagues, with farms at rare intervals, hardly in sight of one another's verandahs, and broken watercourses which are dry beds of stones for the greater portion of the year. Only the mountains that hedge it gigantically, like the precipitous shores of an old sea bed, lend to the scenery an air of abiding and solemn grandeur which is never effaced from the memory of a South African any more than the homelier charms of the hedgerows ever fade from that of the Anglo-Saxon. These mountains are singularly rugged and serrated; the Sierras of Spain are not more saw-like, and the profundity of the gorges that run up into them, where the day dies an hour or more before it darkens on the plain, accentuates their air of gloom and mystery. These outstanding national features that condition and dominate so intensely the petty activities of man, have bulked very largely in moulding the mental outlook of the South African race, and have alloyed in it something of that mingled reserve and egotism that seems so often to tincture the dwellers among the mountain tops.

On these inter-montane plains, then, that make up the habitable part of South Africa, as disparate as lakes in a lake country, the remote townships have arisen and make odd little islands of church spires and house-tops in the circumambient desert. In general the black and white populations of each are fairly balanced numerically—by "black," be it noted, I here mean dark or coloured—but their dwellings are separate. It was in the coloured location of Worcester that trouble began many weeks before and ended one terrible Sunday night in a pitched battle with the police in which many lives were lost and many dangerously wounded. To ascribe the fault to any one side is as yet hardly possible, but the straws in the wind are many and the indications of more storms not negligible.

The problem is unfortunately complicated by politics, and politics at the Cape to-day, as in many other parts of the world, have become an end in themselves entirely divorced from honest consideration of the welfare of the State. Looked at without prejudice, the bare facts seem to be these: that it is a debatable argument whether the black population should be given separate territory and allowed to live their own lives on their own lands in their own way, or whether they should continue to mix with the whites and live with them on terms of parity. The choice between the two alternatives is sufficiently difficult in itself, but it is made infinitely more so by the intrusion of another grave development and that is the upgrowth of the so-called "poor white" element.

It is alleged that the poor white is usually a labourer not worthy of his hire, that he is economically, as compared with the Kaffir, an unsound investment. Yet it is impossible to pay black men more than white or grant them greater privileges, social or political, however they may prove themselves. So long as the poor white problem is unsettled the black one never can be.

Unluckily the poor white's vote counts as much as the rich white's, and it is on his vote and that of the "back-veld" farmers that the present Government holds office.

Danger lies in incertitude and the want of a definite establishment once for all of the relations between whites and blacks. The poor white, the story of whose genesis is a chapter by itself and not without tragedy, cannot be subordinated to his black brother, though he may be the inferior man of the two. He is, unluckily, usually of such poor calibre that he is incapable of responding encouragingly to any measures of relief and so, like all who cannot help themselves, he grows more and more of a puzzle as he grows older.

It is, indeed, something of an anomaly, not unknown elsewhere, that the whole policy of a great country should be dictated by its least worthy inhabitants, who are out for little more than its exploitation in their own sectional interests.

Agitation, whether justified or not, had long been going on at Worcester and the neighbouring townships, especially at week-ends, and bitter feeling had been steadily growing between the white farmers of the district and the coloured folks. The farmers had been arming, the natives assembling openly in their locations, and holding threatening and inflammatory meetings. A system has grown up of part payment of their wages on the farms in wine, a system that appears to any outsider utterly indefensible, verging perilously on enslavement, and, in the event, leading to riotous debauchery every week-end, and constant friction with the police. In addition the blacks themselves brew a great deal of illicit liquor, and frequent raids are made on them by the police, though it does sound ironical that they should be allowed to drink the farmers' brews, and not their own. The cessation, or at any rate the stricter ordering of this liquor question, would seem to be one of the first essentials to a settlement of South Africa's troubles. But it has many interests to deny it.

It was a common spectacle on a Saturday afternoon to watch from the hotel stoep a procession of poor bemused and idly shouting black boys being led away to the local lockup, as it was to see the wives and picaninnies gathered outside the district magistrate's door on the Monday following while their breadwinners were being tried. It had its humorous side, and I never saw the police use anything but a mild and humorsome coercion on their prisoners even when they were inclined to be obstreperous. It is, of course, quite a different matter when it comes to a battle like that at Worcester with the blacks in their own location all fighting drunk and maddened with a sense of their wrongs.

It is unfortunate that English and Dutch traditions of native policy have been ever at variance, the English erring on the side of "softness," the Dutch over-harsh, or so it has always seemed to the two protagonists. The abolition of slavery when accomplished by the British, though doubtless a great stroke of philanthropy, was very ruinous to many Dutch farmers, who, owing to the interception of dishonest agents, received very little of the compensation voted for them, and have not yet forgotten it.

Indeed, they seem to have unduly long memories for past aberrations, real or fancied, and cherish the recollection of slights or faults that most people would have allowed to drown long since in the oblivion of the past. It may be hoped that a wider spread of education, if not conducted (as much of it is) on lines of perpetuating these old antagonisms, and the growing habits of oversea travel and use of the motor-car in the country itself will do something to thin down the unreasonable rancour which is eating like a canker at the prosperity of South Africa. It is often denied that such feeling exists, but a little experience of the country brings it very clearly to the surface, and it often boils up like the effervescence on a volcanic pool on the slightest provocation.

Sooner or later, men say, the Black question of South Africa will have to be settled, and over it Dutch and British, or as they roughly stand now, Nationalists and South African Party, will come to a certain conflict, though it must be admitted that the pro-native sympathies of the latter are by no means such as would entirely satisfy Exeter Hall, the mischiefs of meddling philanthropists in South Africa having been too obvious for all but the greatest extremists to wish to invite them again. The issue is likely to be forced by the blacks themselves, since they allege that their conditions are rapidly growing insupportable, and it is not to be forgotten that they are, *en masse*, in numbers to the Europeans as ten to one. Nor are they now the untutored savages they once were; many of them are men of a more erudite outlook than many of the whites who dominate them. Their numbers grow rapidly whilst the white people are stagnant and yet discountenance all large efforts to bring in more whites from abroad.

Shortly before, a trial of police officers for brutality towards native prisoners had taken place at the beautiful little town of Paarl in the mountains not far north of Cape Town, which in face of all the evidence had resulted in an acquittal, a verdict counter to all the testimony including that of the medical men. It was after this that the leaders of native thought declared, as they had every excuse for doing, that the Dutch had openly proclaimed their policy of native intolerance and suppression, and that they had no longer any hopes of fair play in South Africa.

Yet it is not to be supposed that the coloured people are themselves all angels. Conscious, too often of a measure of popular sympathy for them, they themselves very easily grow overbearing and provocative and not at all always disinclined to exploit a cheap martyrdom.

It is largely distrust of the British attitude towards the native question that inclines a very large section of South Africa towards that secession which the present Prime Minister has so often on his lips, that and a very palpable inclination towards Germany.

THE BLACK SHADOW: A typical native of the race that may prove a sable rock on which the English wave will break

For if the British people have very short memories against the Dutchmen's long ones, it is not easy to forget that the outbreak of the last War was at once seized on by a great body of South Africans—mainly those that are in political power to-day—as a heaven-sent opportunity to throw off their allegiance and yoke up themselves and their fortunes with Germany. What with an alien flag and the perfervid use of the new lingo of so-called "Afrikaans," the Englishman at the Cape to-day may well wonder if the British connection has not already ceased. Yet, how a small population of little more than a million white people thinks it is going to constitute itself a "nation" in the chaotic world of to-day without the protection of a Mother State must be a mystery to all who follow the tangled tale of internationalism in the daily Press. Maybe they are still waiting for their half-love, Germany, and the day when it will have a new navy able to guarantee their coasts against such possible aggressors as the Japanese or Soviet Russia.

There are those who see all over the world the failing of the white races and the emergence or resurrection of the coloured. At present the clash of the two great standards of civilization in the treatment of "native" races is fraught with peril of serious strife among the white races unless it is to be handled with understanding on both sides and freedom from oppression by the one and from fanatical philanthropy by the other.

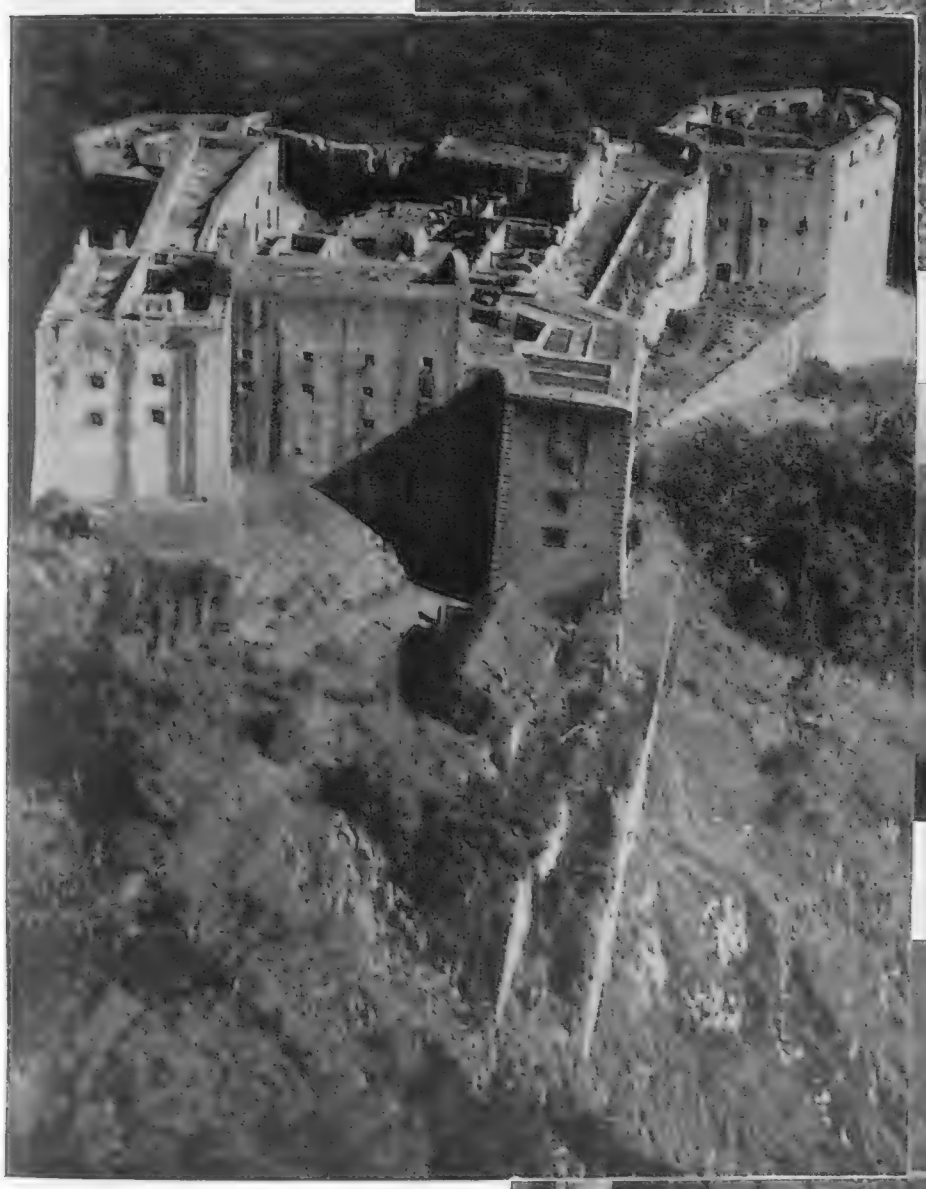
The CITADEL *of a* NEGRO EMPEROR

The huge fortification built by Christophe, King Henry I of Hayti

Newly Pictured

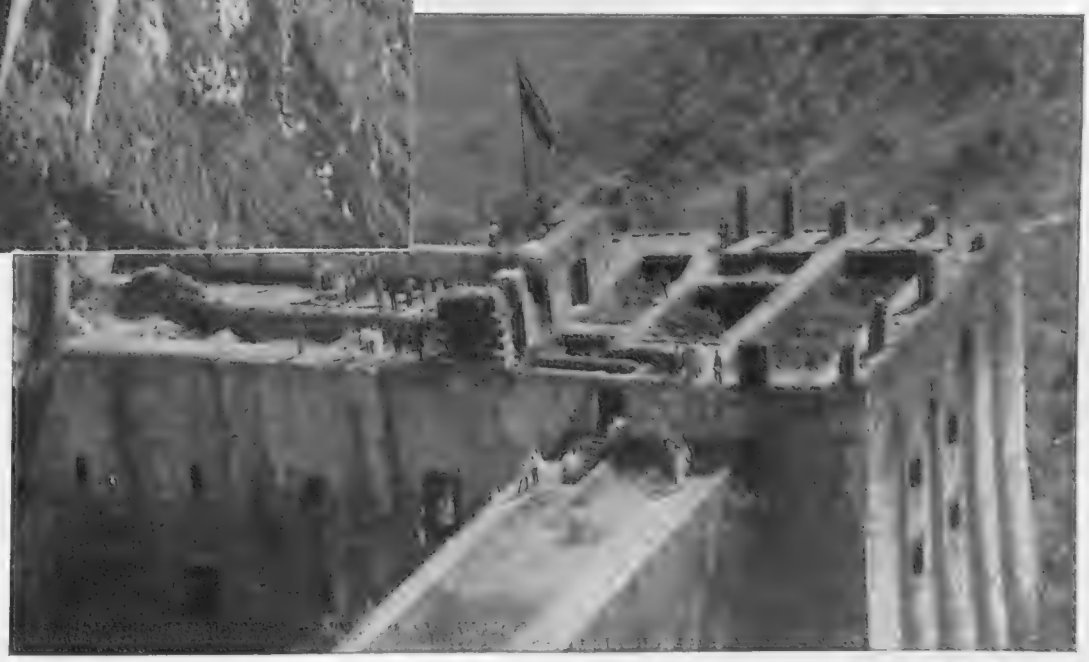
The Citadel of Christophe stands upon the highest of the local mountain tops, hundreds of feet above the zig-zag trail, its massive battlements outlined against the bluest of skies. How the Haytians built it no one will ever know. It stands in rugged country, miles and miles from everywhere, reached only by poor mountain paths, up which the toiling negroes must have carried giant rocks and hundreds of huge cannon. Only fear could have given the strength—fear that the French might return and a greater fear of Christophe. The fortress walls rose so abruptly from the edge of the cliffs that their five-storeyed height was accentuated by the cliffs themselves. Only a dark gate led into the lower storey where were dungeons so narrow that prisoners had been forced to stand upright often till they died from the sheer exhaustion of it. The wooden gun carriages have mostly rotted and fallen, tilting the cannon at drunken angles. And everywhere, in pyramids and disordered heaps, great piles of cannon balls or pieces of ancient flint lie to this day. Nothing of military value had anywhere been overlooked in the construction. Rambling through the ruins one sees bake-shops and arsenals and hospitals. The tops of the walls had been designed to catch the rain and spill it into huge storage vats below. There were even chutes, opening from what must have been the galley, for the disposal of the garrison's refuse. Nor was beauty neglected. There is nothing formal about this architecture; no two towers are ever quite alike, yet everything balances superbly. From the topmost tower the view is truly sublime. One looks down upon a world of jumbled mountain peaks. A whimsical character, old Christophe. Tradition has it that he buried vast treasure beneath this castle, and deposited more in Europe in case he ever was forced to flee. He knew that the inevitable revolution would, sooner or later, materialize. He had no fear of it. But one day, robust, six-foot giant though he was, he suddenly collapsed. The news spread that Christophe had suffered a stroke.

BUILT ON CRUELTY: The citadel to erect which the most barbarous customs were practised. Even the engineer, Besse the Mulatto, died lest he betray the fortifications



SEEN FROM ABOVE: The incredible monument to the fear Christophe inspired in his subjects, for the only engines the builders owned was the terror the king inspired

SEEN FROM AFAR: The citadel is set on the highest of the local mountain tops and is approached by the crudest of zig-zag trails. How it was ever built by the primitive Haytians no one knows



SCENE OF A HIDEOUS BETRAYAL: The summit of the citadel from which Christophe personally hurled his engineer lest he should betray the yet unfound secret passage from Milot to the great fort

PANDEMONIUM by th

The heat was oppressive. Not a ripple of wind on the glaring sea. There was no escape from the sun, and far away on the horizon were piles of black clouds which never reached us. Bongao, the cliff island in the Sulu Sea, looked like a grey splotch against the sky. At intervals a shark-fin cut leisurely through the silvery surface of the water, leaving a faint, dark streak.

For hours our four Samal boatmen had been rowing. The strong Sibutu current was dead against us, and the sun-blackened brown bodies of the men were bathed in perspiration. Sometimes the current was so violent as to form dangerous whirlpools, and our *sapit* careened and creaked suspiciously, and the men redoubled their back-breaking efforts to keep the boat from whirling too in a mad dance away from our destination.

After nine hours, towards sunset the first breeze came. When the sky reddened, and when finally the red turned into scarlet and orange, the "big" wind came. The red-striped lateen sail ballooned from its bamboo tripod mast and the water foamed joyously about the bow. That square lateen sail gave our boat an uncanny likeness to a Viking ship; it even had a dragon-like decoration in the prow. Only the shields on the ship's sides were missing; however, we were exactly 4½ deg. north of the Equator. Vikings in these hot latitudes would have seemed a trifle absurd. Nor did our Samals look anything like Vikings.

Our four oarsmen and their captain were all small but sturdy, dark eyed, with ugly, black teeth and lips stained red from betel nut. They were dressed in tight-fitting trousers and short Moro jackets. They knew how to handle the boat all right, and they also knew every nook and corner of the hundreds of coral reefs which we passed or traversed, and during the whole trip covering the larger part of a month, they grounded us only once.

Professor Carl N. Taylor* and the writer had been cruising in this *sapit* through the Sulu Archipelago all the way to Borneo. We had stopped for a time in the quaint, exotic city of the Sultan of Sulu, Jolo, and had learned many weird things about its infamous Chinese pier—its gambling, its opium smuggling, and its seething politics. We had visited and interviewed the Sultan, who had strange things to tell, and who was going to declare war on all and sundry; we had talked to one of his wives, who had refused us a look at the harem, not because it was forbidden but because the rooms were dirty.

Finally we had visited Sandakan, the city of the bad reputation, and finding it not half as bad as we had expected, we hoisted sail in disappointment and turned homeward. Somewhere during the trip Taylor had acquired dysentery as we thought; but when we arrived at Bongao the dangerous symptoms seemed to have vanished and we decided to continue our adventure trip. And so we had turned southward again and struck a course for Sitangkai, where it was rumoured that a strange pagan tribe, the Gipsies of the Sulu Sea, lived in their floating cities of house-boats. These Gipsies have never been written up before, let alone photographed.

THE MEDICINE MAN POSSESSED: A strange scene during the strange rite which actually cured Mr. Lilius's companion

WELCOME TO THE TAO PUTI: The flag-decorated vintas welcome the whites

* Carl N. Taylor, formerly a member of the English faculty in the University of New Mexico, and more recently employed by the University of the Philippines to organize courses in journalism in that institution, is a free lance writer with a taste for adventure. He is a regular contributor of articles dealing with little-known peoples and places to British and American magazines.

GIPSY PAYNIMS OF THE SULU SEA: The polygamous, godless, race, without Chiefs or Headmen

There were strange tales circulating among the Moros about these pagans. We could not believe half of them. The people were, according to the stories, more like water animals than human beings, and able to do strange things, magic if you wish. They were said to command the forces of nature and when aroused, their ire was terrible to behold.

It took us two days and two nights to reach Sitangkai. But during the two days Taylor's malady showed unmistakable danger signs, and when we finally reached the coral reefs of this southernmost island of the Sulu Archipelago I had serious misgivings about his condition.

The men took down the sail and pushed our boat through the shallow water for the last two miles. We heard a weird noise going on in the distance. Many lights flickered over the water; they were the torchlights of the Sea Gipsies. There were many hundreds of those torchlights; their number surprised me, because the night was not dark, the moon being full and bright. We could hear the booming of large drums, of brass *ah-gongs* accompanied by the most unmelodious clink-clank of the *kulintangans* (sets of attuned brass gongs). And all the time the torchlights moved back and forth, up and down like hundreds of crazed fireflies. . . .

Finally we could proceed no further. The tide was receding. We bumped into a large piece of dead coral and here we stuck. Our Samal interpreter announced gravely that this was as far as we would go that night, at least until the high tide.

But what was all the noise about? I asked the Samal. A weary look on Taylor's pallid face showed that he did not appreciate the concert.

The Bajaos, or Sea-Gipsies, performed music at the time of full moon I was told.

Magic?

Yes. The sailor was emphatic. The Bajao medicine-men did strange things. They danced and flew high in the air among evil spirits. It was powerful magic. It certainly must be I admitted. But had he ever seen a medicine man flying?

No. He had not. But he had been told. . . .

Just then a *vinta*, a long canoe hollowed out of a single log, scraped along the side of our *sapit*. Three venerable men were sitting in it. They asked questions of our interpreter and conversed with him a considerable length of time until I grew restless and demanded to know what the men wanted. After all, it was a dark night and the mysterious flickering lights ahead of us, the hellish music, and with pagan medicine men "flying high in the air," I felt that I had a right to know what the conversation was all about.

I listened to a most astounding tale. And then I did not know whether to get angry and tell the charlatans to move on or to believe them. They said that the noise and the music and all the hullabaloo was for the benefit of my sick partner. They knew that he was ill—the *Jinns* had announced it to them, and they knew that *we had to come* to Sitangkai because their medicine men were the only ones who could cure him, but they hesitated to perform the magic over a white man.

Now these men could not have known that the Professor had been ill, nor did they know that we were coming, because the change of our course for Sitangkai had been decided on the high sea, after we had left Bongao. Yet they were telling us about it.

I sensed "copy" and jumped at the chance to get it. The only one who did not appreciate this was Taylor himself. He very determinedly decided against submitting to the machinations of a couple of charlatans, as we were then prone to call these dirty-looking, naked savages.

And now, with the Bajaos, the dangerous currents of Sibutu, all the mysteries of strange people of the coral islands of the Sulu Sea behind me, I feel that somehow I owe those Bajaos a most sincere apology.

Because Professor Taylor got well.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, the Bajaos have never been described, and their language never studied by savants.

To-day they can be seen from the north-east coast of Borneo, throughout the Sulu Archipelago as far north as Zamboanga in the Philippines, s

SULU SEA: With ALEKO LILIUS in the Philippine Islands — (II)

A Strange Story which Proves Once Again, if Proof were Needed, that there are more Things in Heaven and Earth than are Dreamed of in Our Philosophy

occasionally a few current or storm-driven Bajaos boats may be encountered as far from their rendezvous as Java or Celebes.

The Bajaos are probably among the most primitive of all the savage people within the boundaries of the Philippine Islands. Although a fishing people they have not adopted any of the fishing methods of the surrounding Muhammadan tribes, but stubbornly continue to use the spear as the only instrument for catching fish. They sometimes dive after the fish, spear in hand—and they get them too.

They are pagans. Their language has no name for God or gods, and they have no recognized chiefs or headmen among themselves. They have no written literature, and no other laws but their traditions, polygamy being permitted. They are monogamists only for economic reasons. Sex morality is a thing unknown among them, incest being almost a rule.

Although they do not believe in gods or a divine power they seem to fear evil spirits; probably as a result of contact with Muhammadan surrounding culture with its *Jinns* and *Shaitans*. The Bajaos appeal to these supernatural beings in case of sickness and in times of calamities. They even offer rice and mutter incantations to huge hermit crabs supposed to live near an adjacent island.

I tried hard to persuade Professor Taylor to treatment by the medicine men. He baulked and resented my pointing out to him that, being already sick, the Bajaos would hardly make him sicker. Provided, of course, that he refrained from taking any of their medicinal concoctions should they offer him any.

In the meantime, day and night, the *kulantangans* continued to beat with a nerve-racking monotony. And their chanting "rose and fell and burst forth and died away like the sound of wind and water along a rough coast at night."*

PALAVER: Mr. Aleko Lilius interviews the Bajao elders before they "operate" on his companion

INCANTATION: A scene during the rites which cured Professor Taylor of a species of dysentery

Finally Taylor gave in. I almost believe he wanted the damnable noise to stop, and somehow he had conceived the idea that this would be the only way to do it. We sent one of our boatmen to the Bajaos with the message that the *tao puti* (white men) "would like to speak to them."

They came. They came in three boats decorated with flags, and they brought the whole village orchestra with them. What a hellish noise!

But it stopped the moment they reached us. It was later explained to us that they had wanted to keep the *hantus*, evil spirits, from accompanying them to our *sapit*, and had summoned the *kohs*, or good spirits, to come along by beating upon every percussion instrument in the village.

The oldest man in the party made a long speech, the substance of which was that, if the weather should be clear and the moon bright, they would be willing to perform their rites over the white man, because their people were very sorry for him. Then they all returned, but the music and noise continued all day. They fetched us late that night, for the weather was clear and the moon bright.

They took us out to a *lipa* — a modified canoe of the type known as *vintas* — anchored a mile off shore. The men carried torches, and in the light their bodies gleamed like polished copper. The water around us was very shallow, knee deep at the most, and a great crowd had come to see the rites, the first time in the history of their people that a medicine man had performed the rituals over a *tao puti*.

They had spread mats on the bottom of the boat and a half coconut shell filled with burning wax was placed on the centre of the mat. Our patient was told to lie down, and a fishing net was placed under his head. The onlookers were motioned back and two medicine men took charge of the performances.

(Continued on page 338)

PERCUSSION: Kulantangans and drums beating overtime to summon **kohs** *and banish* **hantus**

And, paradoxically, they bury their dead together with all belongings of the deceased, but still they do not believe in an existence on the other side of the grave. The nearest relative of the dead—mother, father, sister, or daughter—*rides* to the grave on top of the coffin, and there is a great rejoicing and plenty of smiling faces on this occasion. Seemingly, death brings no sorrow to them.

They are born in their *vintas*, or their house canoes, and when the owner dies his boat is cut up to provide material for his coffin.

Theirs is the true communistic social organization. If a man has to build a boat, he summons enough men to help him in his task, and when the boat is built they all live merrily together in it until one of the men has accumulated enough money to build his own boat.

They are excellent divers. The best pearl-divers are recruited among the Bajaos; yet at the first drop of rain they will rush for shelter. "The rain is a dangerous thing, *tuan*," they will complain. "If we get wet we will die."

According to their traditions, the Bajaos came to Sulu from Johore. The Sultan of Johore wished to marry his own daughter, but the wise men of his court informed him that this was wrong and not the thing to do. But the Sultan insisted, and as he was the lord over their lives they had to assent, but prevailed upon the Sultan to have the wedding ceremony performed on the open sea. About 2,000 boats were tied together so as to make a huge pontoon, upon which a house was constructed in which the wedding was to be celebrated.

But the magicians of the tribe were cunning, and decided to prevent the wedding from taking place. In the midst of the rejoicing a great storm arose, broke up the platform, and scattered the boats in all directions. About five hundred boats drifted to Sulu, and this is how the Bajaos came to live there. And according to their elders, "this all happened about two hundred and fifty years ago."

There is another tradition told to us by a Bajao woman, but the story of the wedding and the storm figures in it too. She told us that while the Bajaos lived in Johore one of their headmen, named Dwana, had an attractive daughter who was coveted, and finally taken by force, by a chief of the shore people called Salibungsu. But the daughter was unhappy, and finally fled to her father's boat. Seeing trouble ahead of them, and being a peaceful people, the Bajao magicians got busy and summoned a terrible storm, which drove them all the way to Sulu Sea, where they have remained until the present day.

The Bajaos are a peaceful people. The blood-curdling stories we had heard to the effect that they were a species of human sea monsters were of course the fruit of Moro imaginations. It would not be possible to call them hospitable because in their poverty they have little to offer a stranger, but we found them friendly, inoffensive, and inclined to mind their own business.

They are called the Gipsies of the Sulu Sea because they rove the seas in their *vintas*, though always returning to their floating villages, of which this of Sitangkai is the largest, consisting of about four hundred houseboats. They are excellent boat builders, using their *bolos* as the principal tool, and there is not a nail or spike used in the construction of the hull. Wooden pegs and rattan strips are used freely instead. Elaborate carvings adorn the boat, and the sail is a fantastically designed conglomeration of coloured pieces of canvas.

* I am using Professor Taylor's own words as they are set down in the diary kept by us during the trip.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE ENIGMA.—Russia, foe and menace to our Western political and economic systems and our social ideals, the "hope" of a certain class of proletariat and intelligentsia, remains the greatest riddle of the day despite all the columns and volumes written about her pro or con. No one has yet given a comprehensive picture of the "Red Bear" that once was "white." When in the *Graf Zeppelin* in August last year we flew for 5,000 miles over Russia from the Baltic to the Pacific, I realized how difficult a task that would be. All one gets from books or newspapers are just glimpses of some small "sector" or cross-cut section. I will quote an interesting letter received the other day from a friend who has been travelling for several weeks through Russia from Stalingrad (on the Volga) to the Caucasus and who made a similar tour of study and observation last year:

"Russia is more fascinating than the most fascinating lover—more exacting and exasperating, more mysterious. One becomes so sensitive to the "situation" that one's whole mood and feeling is influenced by personal momentary attitude towards it. I just cannot understand why it is so. But it is. Whether it is the harvest or the sowing, or the labour turnover, it becomes part of one's personal life in a way utterly incomprehensible outside of this country. I suppose sinking the individuality in something so much bigger and more important has something to do with it.

"There are really two Russias—one dark, sinister, and destructive, rumours from which are always circulating underground. Ominous tales of plots, conspiracy, denunciation, death sentences, executions. Then there is the other Russia which I saw building everywhere. The Russia that somehow gives you a mysterious impression that here is going on something gigantic, absurdly hopeful and adolescent, passionate for modernity, trying to out-America America itself, living entirely in the future dream with a faith in anything that is colossal in size and next to impossible of fulfilment.

"There is a vitality here that one sometimes senses or half-realizes with something like a shock. Compared to it the rest of Europe seems so lifeless. That is one reason why I have a feeling of fear for that other Europe.

"The world hears much of collectivism, hunger, misery, cold, crop failures, death sentences. They are all here. Not always as described in the newspapers. The world hears little of the iron will within the walls of the Kremlin, the steel nerves of Stalin, whose very name means "steel." Of the fanatical faith of the Red Youth in the future of their Russia, and the fierce determination to attain their goal. Little of the perfect craze for building, for modernization, for Americanization, and all that term implies in industrialization.

"Next to construction of modern factory plants and other buildings most attention is paid to the army. Russia has a military Air Force, which in number, quality, and up-to-dateness of 'planes and skill of pilots probably would surprise the General Staffs of some countries.

"Russia is incredibly vast. No other country on the globe has so many remote spots where, cut off from all outside communications, secret experiments on a large scale can be carried on.

"In many places I found it to be a gloomy, depressing picture to me—from the West, with its comforts, luxury, fine clothes, and all that belongs to our civilization and culture. The gloom and the misery, and there are plenty of both, are relieved only by the vitality which I have mentioned, a hope that knows no limits, and a faith in the future that is militant to fierceness and beyond our understanding.

"No country in the world has so few comforts, as we understand that term, or is so devoid of all luxuries, as the Russia of to-day. Luxuries are looked upon as a form of immorality. Worse, almost as a crime. And yet I do not want to leave. I want to remain a while longer. The strange pulse of vital life here is enthralling."

This, from a brilliantly-educated woman, keenly observant, spoiled by luxuries and the good things of life, who always insisted on two baths a day, now happy to get one a week, or one in several weeks. What is it in Russia that can so influence?

THE ONLY CROSS IN RUSSIA: First aid in a colliery in the Ural mountains. A miner, taken ill, is transported by electric train and attended by a Red Cross nurse

Continuing, "The golden cupolas of Samarra, which, when I was here last year, made that city appear like a fabulous city of the East, are no more. I looked in vain for the familiar sky-line, and was startled to see only tall factory chimneys smoking high above the houses. Like a storm, the anti-religious movement has swept over beautiful Samarra. Gone the cupolas glittering in the sunshine, destroyed are the churches, or turned into working-men's clubs, or such buildings. Gone the curved domes. In their places, massive cubes of four- and five-storeyed workers' homes, some of the self-same material of the destroyed churches. Nowhere else in Russia have I seen so drastic an example of religion making way for the new gospel of collectivism and utilitarianism. Catherine the Great gave her favourite Orloff land here that fronted the Volga for ninety miles. Many of the villas of the nobles, barbaric, fantastic, like Oriental palaces, are now sanitariums and children's homes. A close-up of Samarra spoils the picture. The streets are a dense fog of dust, when windy and dry; a sea of mud whon it rains. The effects of the terrible famine of 1920 are still apparent. The population was thereby greatly reduced. It was here that there were reported so many cases of reversion to cannibalism.

FATHER AND SON—KING AND EX-KING: King Carol of Rumania and ex-King Michel, Prince of Alba Julia, review Rumanian troops together for the first time. Both father and son wear the same type of national head-dress

"One well may ask—will the central brain in the Kremlin succeed in welding the young generation into a materialistic Red Robot Russia?"

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE. . . ."—Believe it or not there is one spot in the world 100 per cent. "dry," where even sailors cannot get a drink.

Chief-Officer H. N. Wilson, citizen of "dry" America, whose Government spends £9,000,000 a year on the supremely unsuccessful attempt to enforce the national prohibition law, returned with his ship from the little mid-Pacific Island of Rotuma in the Fiji group, filled with admiration for the tribal chiefs who, after trial, decided that liquor is "bad medicine" and framed a prohibition law that absolutely works.

"If there is any place in the world where a sailor can't find a drink it's on that island," Wilson declared. "The best we could get was coconut milk. The island is a veritable Garden of Eden. Tropical fruits grow in such abundance that the natives actually live without toil except to pick their food off the trees and catch a few fish. Wild game, brightly-coloured birds, and acres of fragrant flowers complete the picture of Paradise."

Although the natives are only a few generations removed from cannibalism, they have already experimented with and discarded the white man's weakness. Their prohibition law is man-made legislation, for Ratuma women hardly count. They are the drab pea-hens compared with the peacock vanity of their cosmetic-loving lords and masters, who, Chief-Officer Wilson said, would give up a favourite coconut grove for a cake of soap but could not be tempted to yield one coconut for a whole case of whisky.

"NIPPY" OF NIPPON.—Hebes, of the popular "No Gratuities" catering palaces of England, may well envy the fortune even if they disdain the simple-mindedness of nineteen-year-old Takako-san, employed at the Café Tamagawa, Kobe, who was given a £500 tip one day and, overcome with such a variety of emotions, that she rushed the money to the police station.

Her presence in the café shocked young Yoshio Matsuda, student, dreamer, and idealist, convinced that his mission in life is to champion virtue and rescue innocence. Having talked his wealthy parents into agreement, Yoshio wrapped yen 5,000 in a paper parcel, thrust it into the hands of Takako-san, recommending her to leave café life. Surprise, joy, fear, followed in quick succession, as the young girl saw more money than she had ever dreamed of possessing. Not knowing the donor's name or address, she took the money to the police, who decided that the would-be philanthropist must be a criminal of sorts. After several days' search, they invaded his luxurious home, and subjected him to rigid examination.

"I thought it such a pity that a sweet, nice girl like her had to work in such a wretched place, so I told my parents about her, and got enough cash to get her out. That's all."

CLOVIS OF CHINA.—Chiang Kai-shek, President of China and Generalissimo of the National Army, has won the civil war with Yen Shi-shan and Feng Yu-hsiang. In thankful appreciation, and to keep a promise to his wife, Mei-ling, whom I visited last year, he has turned Christian, and been baptized into the Methodist faith. The Christian God may have had something to do with the victory on the battlefield that changed the faith of the head of a nation of 500,000,000 people, but Christian aeroplanes, I hear from friends on the Chinese General Staff, have had a good part in that triumph.

In 1920, China had nine old aeroplanes. To-day the Air Force of the National Army has forty-four 'planes, the greater number with the most modern equipment. Bombing and supply centres, and troop concentrations of the rebel war lords, together with swift scouting, contributed largely to the defeat of the latter. In the long campaign, General Wetzel, formerly of the German General Staff, was Chiang Kai-shek's chief military adviser.

The latest development in the Chinese Military Air Force is an "Aerial Survey Department of the Grand General Staff." This was recently opened with elaborate ceremonies.

ABYSSINIA "INTIME"

WESTERNIZATION IN ONE GENERATION: Prince Detschasatsch with his children. Although the potentate is an Abyssinian of the old school the children are European not only in dress

A LION AS A PET: Prince Detschasatsch with his pet lion-cub in his garden. The Abyssinian nobility bears as its arms the Lion of Judah

CHRISTIAN PRIESTS GO TO A PAGAN FESTIVAL: The prelates of Addis Ababa, bearing crosses and umbrellas, go to a ritual dancing display. Inset above is a close-up of the footgear of the well-bred Ethiopian —metal sandals

Captain Courtenay

A VILLAGE ON THE BORDERS OF ABYSSINIA: A typical settlement near Durraba, on the Dinder River, in Eastern Sudan. The men are not nomads but pastoral Arabs and are of mixed Ethiopian and Arabic strain, having the features of the latter and the pigmentation of the former. They have no horses but only donkeys, and their huts are of mud and thatch. They build a grass hedge as protection. Game is very prolific in the vicinity but is closely preserved. *Inset on left* is a feature of Abyssinian life reminiscent of the films—a stationmaster seeing a lady passenger to her seat in the train, and giving the "right-away" signal

THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP, 1930: Miss Winifred Brown, the writer of this article, is also a Hockey International

THE ART of PRIVATE FLYING

The Technique of the Latest Developments in an Art which is Daily Growing in Popularity, including the Ideal of a Three-point Landing is here Described

By WINIFRED BROWN

(Winner of the King's Cup)

The idea of flying is changing; a year ago considerable experience and study were considered necessary for the success of any epic flight. The pilot was regarded as a kind of super-man instead of an ordinary individual. During the last year or so events have happened to show that a young pilot with little experience can fly half-way across the world, and now another woman pilot with even less experience flies many thousands of miles across Europe and Asia. These results must naturally be of great value to aviation, for it brings "flying to earth." One hears the remark, "Well, it can't be so difficult," and perhaps on the next trip to the Continent that same person will, for the first time, use one of the excellent air services at present in operation.

Being a woman I am proud that my sex has helped to bring about this air-mindedness, but one cannot help wondering why flying was, in the past, regarded as being so difficult. During the War it was quite common for young boys, probably straight from school, to become pilots after two or three hours' instruction, and perform feats which have helped to make our Air Force of to-day the finest in the world. To-day, in civil aviation, one has on an average ten or fifteen hours' dual instruction before being sent up alone. during the first few hours in the air the voice of the instructor through the speaking-tube is very reassuring—he talks calmly and explains things, no matter what strange position the aeroplane is in. When he tells you to take control it is with the knowledge of his presence and ability to help you out of difficulty that you dare to try the various movements for yourself. His head and shoulders in the front seat are a comforting sight and seem part of the machine, one gets to depend on them. Suddenly one day you find yourself in the air without them, the machine feels empty, you realize you are alone with no one to help you.

For a moment you may feel frightened, but soon comes a glorious exhilaration—you can fly, you have brought the machine safely off the ground, you are in the air by yourself—flying. Then, a horrible thought, you may be up but you have to get down! You think of all your bad landings in the past, for landing is the most difficult part of learning to fly. Collecting yourself and your courage, thinking very carefully of all you were taught, you turn the machine into wind, throttle back the engine, and glide down at about 55 to 60 m.p.h. As the ground gets nearer you straighten your machine until it is flying parallel to the ground and a few feet above it; as speed decreases you gently ease back the control stick, speed is lost and the wheels and tail skid, touch the ground together in a *three-point landing!* That is what you should do, but probably you will glide in too fast; you have been warned of the dangers of "stalling," which means the loss of sufficient speed, and therefore lift to hold the machine in the air. Once this stalling point is reached the machine becomes uncontrollable and will nose-dive and fall until it regains the necessary speed. As an aeroplane requires an appreciable time and height to recover lost speed after stalling, the ground may be hit before control is regained.

As landing is actually a stall about 2 ft. from the ground, the skill and judgment required to make a perfect landing will be understood and the mistakes accounted for. There are three common mistakes, the pupil may "land" the machine too high and stall it at a height of 10 or 20 ft. from the ground, when it will fall and may result in a broken under-carriage. The other two mistakes are owing to coming in to land too fast, and suddenly realizing the machine is flying straight for the ground, the pupil will hastily pull back the stick, the machine which has too much speed and is therefore more sensitive on the controls owing to the faster flow of air over them, will go up again, and as it does so lose speed. Unless the engine is put on and the machine straightened, a stall will result as described above. On the other hand the pupil coming in too fast may "flatten-out" or fly parallel to the ground, but owing to the excessive speed the machine will not stall, the tail will not drop, and a landing is made on the wheels alone. This habit is very difficult to get out of, as a level position to anyone used to travelling in a motor car, the dropping of the tail would give the feeling of going up a steep hill. The danger of a wheel landing is the added speed, and on rough ground the tipping of the machine on its nose or the catching of the propeller. Also the ground may be hit rather violently, causing the machine to proceed in several bounds before finally coming to rest. However, no one expects a perfect landing from the first solo (or flight alone), though it is rarely anything is broken, in fact the dangerous time is a few hours later, when over-confidence is apt to cause a crash.

A question often asked me is how a pilot finds the way from one place to another, and not many people realize that it is far more easy in the air than it is on the road. Imagine being in a maze such as one finds in various amusement parks one wanders about for hours before the object, usually a tower in the centre, is reached. On climbing the tower one views the maze from above, and the way is clearly seen. It is the same in the air, there are no turning or twisting lanes or hedges that worry and obstruct the view of a motorist. In the air you are in the enviable position of being able, by means of a compass to go straight from one place to another. In your hand is a map on which is drawn a straight line joining the two places, and along which it is desired to travel. Below, the earth is laid out expansively, like a huge map in relief; how simple, then, to compare the paper map with the natural one and check the compass course position by easily distinguished objects such as lakes, railway lines, towns, and rivers, while the general character of the country may also be taken into consideration.

Of course, a little knowledge is required in working out the compass course. This is usually done by means of a protractor, the angle being taken in clockwise direction between north and the line joining the places. This being obtained, allowance must be made for wind. If an aeroplane is capable of flying at 100 m.p.h., and has a 30-m.p.h. wind against it, the speed travelled over the ground will only be 70 m.p.h., although the speed relative to the air and known as the air-speed will still be 100. In the same way, should the 30-m.p.h. wind be behind the machine the ground speed will now be 130 m.p.h., but the speed relative to the air and shown on the air-speed indicator is still 100 m.p.h. It is for this reason machines take-off and land into wind, therefore requiring a less ground speed, the stronger the wind the less being the ground-speed required; in fact, in a very strong wind it is sometimes necessary for a machine coming in to land to use its engine. A cross wind will therefore blow an aeroplane badly off its course unless allowance is made. This may be done in a few seconds by use of an instrument called the "Course and Distance Calculator," and worked on the principle of the triangle of velocities. On this instrument the ground speed for any air-speed may be calculated, while the edges form a slide rule.

Having obtained the course corrected for wind, one must not forget that a compass needle does not point to the true north but to magnetic north, so the difference between the two must then be added to or subtracted from the course. In England one adds between 12 deg. or 14 deg. accordingly, as variation changes both yearly and from place to place. Next comes the deviation of the compass needle from magnetic north owing to the attraction of iron situated in the machine. This is easily allowed for, as a table of such deviation is placed in the machine when the compass is "swung."

Navigation (if one can use the word navigation for such simple methods) is an easy matter provided the visibility is good; it is when out of sight of the ground that real navigation commences, and bearings are taken from celestial bodies or by wireless, but these will not enter into the needs of the club-trained or private-owner pilot who may more or less chose his time and weather. Before starting on a flight it is advisable to ring up the nearest meteorological office and ask them what the weather is going to be like over your proposed route—it may sound rather like a fairy story that a man may sit in an office in London and be able to tell you what weather to expect in Scotland or Wales—however, he will tell you very accurately where to expect rain or maybe fog; he will also tell you the speed and direction of the wind, both at the surface and other heights, and the height of the clouds. If he does not think it is fit he will tell you, and if you are wise you will postpone your flight. I have disregarded weather reports and got through, but only after extremely bad trips, and I am now wiser.

There are in various parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, reporting stations that make observations four times in every twenty-four hours. Their reports are coded and immediately sent to the head office and plotted on a map. Ships in the Atlantic help. In this way it is possible to see the direction and speed at which a "depression" or anti-cyclone is travelling, and ascertain the places in its path and the approximate time it will arrive over them. On the wireless one hears of "a deep depression west of Ireland," in fact the phrase is so familiar that it has now become a joke, but before long rain will spread along our north-west coast, for weather usually travels from west to east.

Wireless has made a great difference to navigation; if an aeroplane equipped with wireless is lost, the pilot has only to get in touch with Croydon or some similar station and by directional finding wireless his position will be given to him. Recently experiments have been carried out when a wireless beam has been extended from, say, Manchester to London, and an aeroplane has flown along it. Whilst the pilot could hear a certain buzzing he knew he was in the beam; should he lose the sound he turned right or left until he found it again. It is hoped that on similar lines the pilot's worst enemy, fog, may be conquered. Another enemy of flying is low cloud. When a machine enters a cloud it is like being in a very thick fog on the road, the only difference being that in your motor-car you can stop and know you are the right way up! In the air all sense of balance is lost, and instruments that appear to play strange tricks have to be relied upon. If the clouds are high and you are over flat country it is very useful to practice cloud flying, and I spent many hours in this way before the King's Cup race. It is very pleasant to know you can always find sunshine, for even on the dullest day it is possible to climb up through the clouds until blue sky is reached while the clouds below lie like a world of snow.

The only difficulty of flying above the clouds is that you have to come down again. If the clouds are low you may hit something before you are out of them, this is particularly the case in hilly or mountainous country, where the tops of the mountains are often covered in cloud, and it is for this reason and also on account of the lack of forced landing grounds that hills are unpopular in the aviation world.

Unfortunately the cost of flying is still fairly high, but not many people know it is possible to buy and keep a light aeroplane for little more than a medium-powered car. I have an Avro-Avian aeroplane with an 85-h.p. Cirrus III engine and an Armstrong-Siddeley 20-h.p. coupé car. For the year of 1929 I kept an account of the cost of these with the following result. The aeroplane cost £153 14s. 9d., and the car £128 4s. 4d. Of course neither figure includes the original cost or any allowance for depreciation. The aeroplane account is as follows—Housing (garage), £24; third-party insurance (including extra for racing), £20 11s.; certificate of airworthiness (similar to motor tax), £5 5s.; landing fees and *carnet* for abroad, £1 10s.; attention to engine, including complete overhaul, top overhaul and new bearings, £57 18s.; petrol and oil, £44 10s.

Account for car: Full insurance, £15 12s. 9d.; tax, £20; overhaul, decarbonizing, tyres, spares, etc., £33 3s. 2d.; petrol and oil, £59 1s. 5d.

During the year the car did about 14,000 miles, and the aeroplane has flown approximately 10,000 miles. The complete overhaul in the case of the aeroplane would not be necessary every year.

THE BEAUTY OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND: A delightful scene on the rink at Grindelwald—a favourite resort in morning and afternoon both for enthusiasts of the blades and spectators

The PLAYGROUND of EUROPE

Sketches by Vernon Ward of the Country to which all Thoughts are Turning

MONARCHS OF ALL THEY SURVEY: Two devotees of the long shoe decide by which slope they will make the descent to Grindelwald

BEAUTIES *of the* SNOW

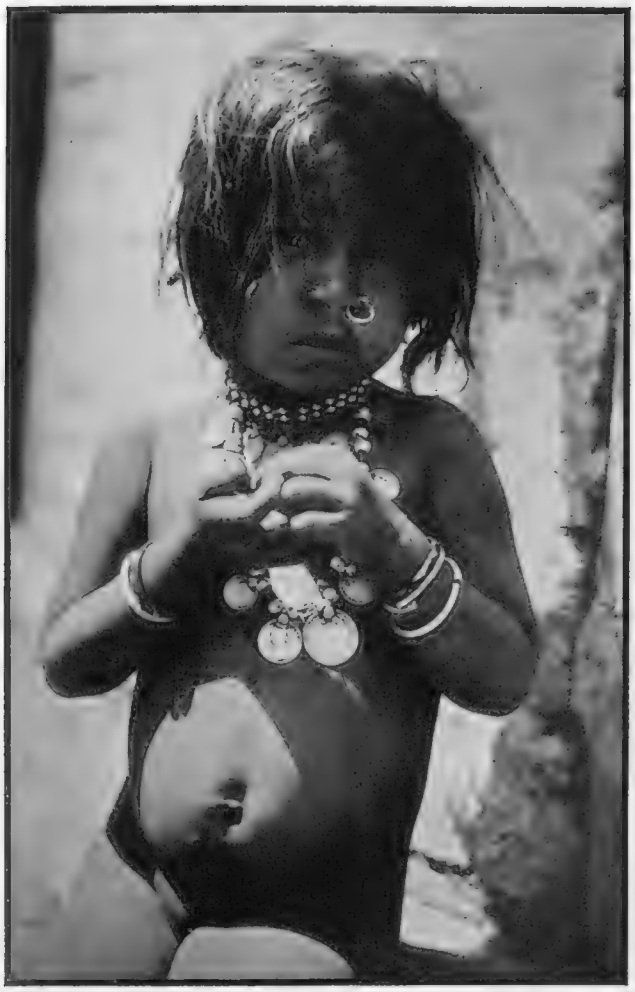
A Trio of Pictures from Switzerland, Whither the Thoughts of Winter Sportsmen are Turning

SKI-PRINTS IN THE SNOWS OF TIME: A ski-runner curving across a virgin field. There is no thrill to transcend that to be enjoyed on the "long shoes" of the Alpine slopes

PLOUGHING THROUGH THE SNOW: So heavy are the drifts on occasion that railways and roads are choked. In such cases the aid of a steam or motor snow-plough is invoked. This is an ingenious device which casts the white barrier aside in a showering plume

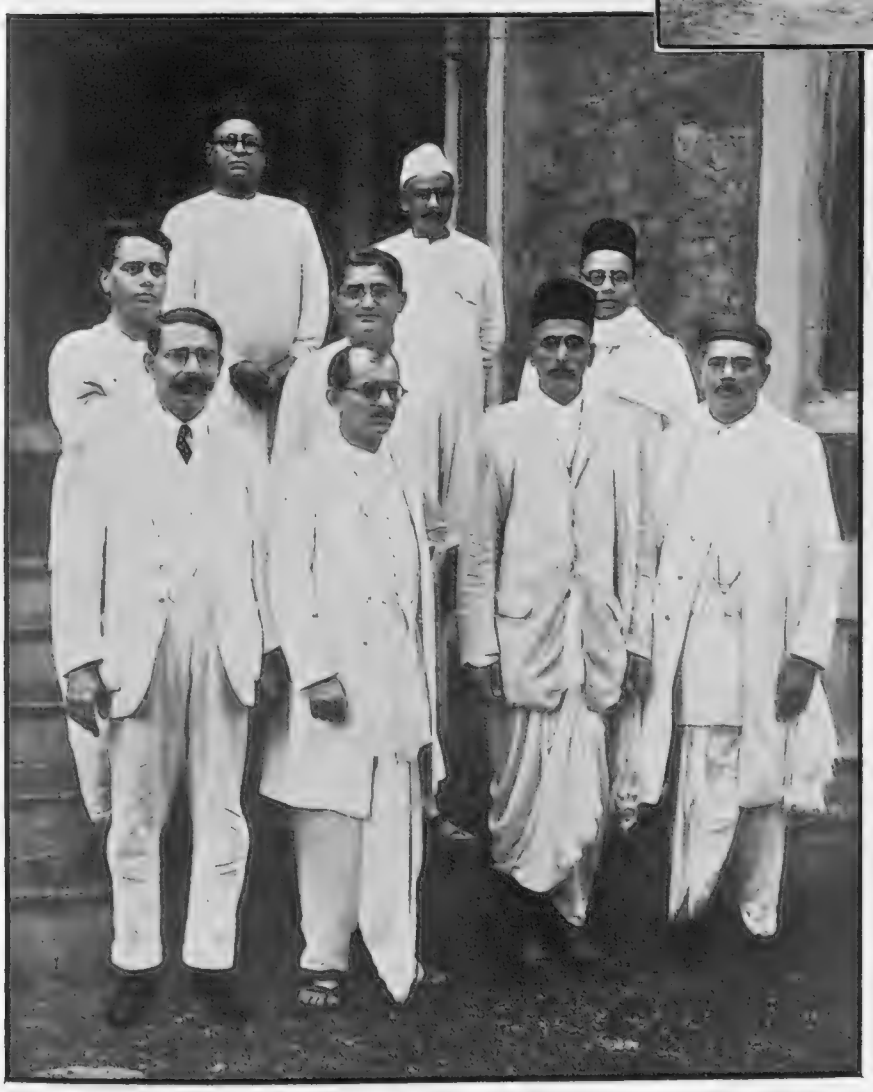
Inset above on right—*A BURDEN OF FROZEN BEAUTY: A tree bearing heavy snow on the slopes of the Engadine. In the twilight trees so decked take on an unearthly seeming. What will be the luck of the coming season?—"Will there be a good fall like this?" all ski-ers are asking*

INDIA'S DIVERSITY



UNTOUCHABLE: A more or less typical village child. Coins and beads and a shock of unwashed and uncared for hair form her only garments

THE MUHURRIM FESTIVAL: A remarkable commentary on Indian religion. The natives at this time disguise themselves as tigers. The adults carry limes in their mouths



THE WAR COUNCIL OF THE PASSIVE RESISTERS: The War Council of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee whose latest demonstration numbered 200,000. Front row—*Messrs. Gilder, Munshi (President), Chandrachud, and Naik.* Back—*Messrs. Merchant, Shiwdasani and Kherim*

POETESS AND POLITICIAN: Mrs. Sarojani Naidu who, following the arrest of Abbas Tyabji, has succeeded to the leadership of the Gandhi party, following the plan of the imprisoned Mahatma, who foresaw his lieutenant's incarceration

"To Such BASE USES do We COME"

The Blight of Poesie: and Other Literary Matters of the Week by CECIL ROBERTS

Every week there is brought to my notice a young friend full of hope and ambition to whom a literary career offers the path to glory. It is quite useless to affirm that literature is not a profession but a form of vagrancy, that the higher one is to Parnassus the nearer one is to poverty. That poetry, of all the arts, being nearest to death in this age of jazz and cocktail, is neither wanted nor paid for, and that a hoary head in the service of the most exacting of the Muses will, at the best, bring a Civil List pension not equivalent to the weekly wage of a typist. This week provides a striking example of the way the high priests of the Muse are honoured. An appeal has gone forth to rescue Sir William Watson, not from starvation, that at least would be picturesque and bring our daily newspapers into rank with columns of sentimental gush, but from what is called "straitened circumstances," a curious term to denote circumstances that are anything but straight. A long illness in old age has found him confronted with doctor's and household bills, with a family to be provided for, and nothing but a Civil Pension of microscopical size and ten pounds in royalties from his last book of published poems.

Now this is not the old age of a minor poet, of a pleasant versifier. Sir William Watson is the writer of at least three lyrics that will live as long as the English language, and of many majestic poems that stand in the great tradition, so that speaking of Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Tennyson, there is not a tremendous bump in adding Watson. Passion and music were ever at his command, and the great body of his work represents the English language extended to all its resources—

> What is so sweet and dear
> As a prosperous morn in May,
> The confident prime of the day,
> And the dauntless youth of the year,
> When nothing that asks for bliss,
> Asking aright is denied,
> And half of the world a bridegroom is,
> And half of the world a bride.

But to-day, as a poet, he is deplorably out of date. He took pains to master his technique, with the result that he can only write a verse that scans. He employs rhymes that rhyme, and has a lamentably acute ear for fine music. Moreover, he has been reluctant to undress his Muse in public, so that passion in the park has never taken a few tips from Freud. This is not the function of poetry. This is the age of the saxophone and the sexophone. The flute of Pan has given place to the trombone of the Pan-American, and the honey of Hymettus has a kick in it.

THE AUTHOR OF "GRAND HOTEL". Miss Vicky Baum, whose latest work is published by Geoffrey Bles

So Sir William does not sell; his name is unknown to a generation baptized in blood and reared in blasphemy. But it is not to them that an appeal is made. Milton's "fit audience though few" may still care that the last years of a great singer shall be equal in comfort to those of a retired pugilist, if not as comfortable as that of a retired comedian. Since the great Grock can retire to his castle on the Mediterranean it seems not unreasonable that a fine poet in the great tradition should keep his cottage on the south coast. I will not say more than that contributions can be sent to the "Sir William Watson Testimonial Fund Account," Midland Bank, at any of its branches.

Ten Days' Wonder is such an excellent title for a novel that I wonder it has not been used before.

> KING: You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
> GLOSTER: That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Miss Muriel Hine has given this happy title to her new novel (Lane. 7s. 6d.), and what is more, with astonishing technical dexterity she has lived up to it, or rather, within it, for the whole story is told in the course of ten days—from Saturday to a week-on-Monday. Mrs. Myrom has a daughter who ought to marry. The young man is in view, but for some strange reason is not forthcoming. Mrs. Myrom's nerves—like those of many mothers with marriageable daughters are on edge, the more so because Mrs. Myrom feels she is still marriageable herself. She, too, has found the reluctant man, Sir Harry Bolle, rich, dignified, well preserved. It is disastrous, therefore, that Sir Harry, chivalry itself, should come upon Griselda the daughter, in tears, and that Griselda's swift explanation suggests the worst and spurs him to do the best, namely, to offer himself in the cause of honour. So mother, waiting for news of the engagement, gets it, coupled to the man she wants herself.

Here is the opening of excellent comedy, and here is Miss Hine in a new rôle. The straightening out of this tangle leads from one riotous situation to another, with the deliciously stupid and yet strategic Mrs. Myrom going into battle for her own rights, pitting her wits against the monstrous hand of Fate. Finally, Mrs. Myrom lands herself at Meacham Abbey with a leap, but the nature of that leap I cannot divulge. The woman deserved everything she got, for she was wise in her way, even with henna, a common mistake "since women never knew when to stop, even with heads like dried bracken." Here is rich comedy, wit, and the deft touch of a master hand.

The name of Douglas Woodruff on a book makes me sit up and take notice. He once made my life miserable for a week. When the guest of some charming Americans in a house in Maryland, the somewhat puck-like daughter of the house derived great fun in watching how God's Own Country struck an Englishman. She gently probed me in the hope that I should wince when she touched the spot, but I kept a grim face and would not confess to a single item in which I found her country a subject for mirth. And then, on going up to bed, she slipped a little book into my hand called *Plato's American Republic*. It was written by one Douglas Woodruff, and outlined the astonishing story of a visit paid by Socrates to the United States, and related with amazement to his cronies in Athens. Unhappily my bedroom had a wooden partition, and that monstrous young woman slept on the other side. Every time a yell of delight burst from me she shouted, "Isn't it delicious, and aren't we a funny nation?"

I wish she was my guest now. I should send her to bed with *Plato's Britannia* by Douglas Woodruff. (Sheed and Ward. 6s.) She would have the laugh this time, and I should study her face at breakfast the next morning when she solemnly said she was loving England. Here is Socrates after a visit to England. Naturally he rumbled along in a petrol chariot to Olympia—to see the Ideal Home Exhibition. He saw many other things that filled him, and us, with astonishment. Events of the last few weeks have given special point to "the plight of the English who, in their desperate search for someone who will buy, are now reduced to taking the black savages of Ethiopia and trying to make business customers out of them." Well might poor Agropatus dislike us so thoroughly, for he could no longer sell us his sultanas, since the British were "commanding their subjects to buy the sultanas of the Australians." We agree with Agathon at the end of the book, when he severely reproves Socrates for talking at such great length about the English and missing the most important factor out of his survey—"He has omitted the Scotch altogether, though there would be no Empire and no trade to boast of but for them." But perhaps there is something in Socrates' excuse—"I did it deliberately because I found the English afraid to use their own name for fear of offending the Scotch." If you have the capacity to laugh at yourself this book will prove a mine of mirth.

If it is the duty of a critic to read a book through from cover to cover, then I have failed with *Success*, the new novel by Léon Feuchtwanger (Secker. 10s.). This book, by the author of *Jew Süss*, is of great length, 743 pages of close type, but that would not have deterred me. I do not have to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad. So with this book. It is well written, but it is dull. On page 266 I stuck. The next day I began again, for 110 more pages. Then I skipped a 100; began again and stuck once more. Twice again I ploughed into it. What does this book set out to do? It has the plan of Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. It follows, at great length, the history, thoughts, habits, and conversations of a group of Bavarians living in Munich. The central figure is Dr. Martin Krüger, curator of the Art Gallery, who has offended powerful enemies by exhibiting a picture entitled "Joseph and His Brethren." He is prosecuted, on a charge of moral turpitude, sentenced, and dies in gaol. His mistress makes a film out of his story. That is the crude outline of the book. Character after character is detached and placed under the microscope. Sometimes there is an international chapter, weakly conceived, to give a sense of the drama of humanity to the book. But there is no

(Continued on p. 338)

A CLERICAL THRILLER: The Rev. Cyril Alington, Headmaster of Eton, whose new novel, "The Abbot's Cup," enhances his already considerable reputation as a novelist

This week's list contains three notable volumes contributing to Victorian history, a novel of the Russian Terror, and a new Kipling book.

Letters of Queen Victoria (Murray. 25s. net).—This is the first volume of the third and final series of the Queen's letters, edited by G. E. Buckle. They cover the years 1886–90, the Salisbury Ministry of 1886 down to the Parnell scandal. "He did not attempt to defend himself, but is shown up as not only a man of very bad character, but as a liar, and devoid of all sense of honour," wrote the Queen at Windsor.

The Diaries of John Bright (Cassell. 25s. net).—These are the diaries carefully kept by Bright, and preserved by the family since his death in 1889. They open with a memoir of his youth, written by Bright, and then follow the course of his life, travels in the East, the triumph of Reform, and the Home Rule Crisis. A notable thing is the story of the friendship between Cobden and Bright.

The Jameson Raid, by *A. M. Hole* (Philip Allan. 15s. net).—The author tells in detail the events that lead up to this momentous raid. It is a spirited defence of a calamitous act.

General B. O., by *Roman Girl* (Benn. 8s. 6d. net).—A novel based on the double rôle of Azef, the agent provocateur. It is difficult to know where fiction begins and fact ends in this striking tale of the Terror.

To-morrow, by *F. Britten Austin* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. net).—A collection of pleasantly re-told historical high-water marks that provides a readable survey from the Stone Age to Lenin.

The Short Stories of Saki (Lane. 7s. 6d. net).—A delightful collection of stories by Saki, who, unlike his famous cook, is not only good but stays good throughout.

Under Peruvian Skies, by *A. Hyatt Verrill* (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net).—Well illustrated travel by a writer with forty-three years' experience of South America. He describes the modern and the Incan civilizations.

Thy Servant a Dog, by *Rudyard Kipling* (Macmillan. 5s. net).—A dog story with the dog speaking in true Kipling vein. But once again a dog's life meets a sad end. Enchanting, and delightfully illustrated.

A Biographical History of the French Revolution, by *J. Mills Whitham.*—This volume presents the leading figures of the Revolution, from Mirabeau to Bonaparte, in short-dress biographies.

Melody and the Lyric, by *John Murray Gibbon* (Dent. 12s. 6d. net).—An anthology from Chaucer to the Cavaliers, in which the author follows the marriage of music and verse, in a rich period of both. The lyrics and their music, with absorbing notes on their histories, are given so that he who reads may sing also. Here is a feast of things that have been born of a nation's genius for song.

An Artist's Models, by *Cecil Aldin* (Witherby. 15s. net).—A collection of lovable Aldin dogs.

Roads and Vagabonds (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. net).—Mr. Aldin joins his pencil with Mr. Kenneth Hare's pen in an adventurous highway journey.

The Gun Room Guide, by *H. B. C. Pollard* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 63s. net).—The gunman here learns all of his sport from an old hand who knows the wood, the fen, and the moor.

The Coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Dealing with the Great Pageantry at Addis Ababa, where Ras Tafari was Invested with his Kingdom in Scenes of Unparalleled Splendour

RAS TAFARI— KING of KINGS, EMPEROR of ETHIOPIA, LION of the TRIBE of JUDAH, POWER of the TRINITY

The coronation ceremony began with prayers, Their Majesties standing. Then the priests sang the Song of Solomon, gold clappers being beaten the while. The Archbishop, a bespectacled and bearded figure in white robes and a jewelled crown, conducted the service. He approached Ras Tafari, followed by cowled priests, and solemnly intoned the oath of royalty. Ras Tafari was asked if he "would keep the faith as his predecessors did, be just in rule, and help towards the education of the people." The monarch replied, "I will," signing the oath in a large book. Several of the Psalms of David were then sung. In turn the Archbishop blessed various objects carried by the priests to the King. Next a jewelled sword was buckled on him with incanted prayer, "O God, may this sword protect His Majesty, punish enemies, and defend justice." The golden sceptre was handed to Ras Tafari, who held it in his right hand, the golden orb in his left. There followed the diamond ring and two golden spears. Then, amid pæans of chanting, the Archbishop approached the Emperor, carrying the annointing oil in a golden vessel. He intoned "As Samuel anointed David, as Sadoc and Nathan anointed Solomon, so I anoint you with this sacred oil." Ras Tafari bowed his head, and the Archbishop poured out the oil which streamed down his face and beard. Then came the blessing of the crown. A red cloth was placed over the head of Ras Tafari, and the golden crown, encrusted with jewels flashing in the dim light of the Cathedral, was placed on his head.

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"HIGH ON A THRONE OF ROYAL STATE". Ras Tafari enthroned. Inside the Cathedral proper two huge canopied thrones, red for the Emperor and blue for the Empress, were set up. Sacred relics of the saints were disposed on tables before the altar. With them were the crowns of the Emperor and the Empress. The atmosphere was heavy with incense, and the priests, enveloped in their gorgeous robes of white and black with gold brocade, were solemnly chanting

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS: The priesthood. At the side of the church huge drums were being beaten, and priests were swaying to the rhythm of silver rattles. They solemnly danced against the background of Abyssinian paintings of the Christ, showing Him crucified head downwards

AWAITING THE FELICITATIONS OF TH TIONS: Ras Tafari, in the strange mixture Western garb, stands ready to receive the foreig

"MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS": Ras Tafari, bearing sceptre and orb, decked in the panoply of royal robes, bearing on his head the crown of his kingdom, preceded by a prelate holding an Abyssinian Cross, emerges, under a canopy from the Cathedral. The chieftain on the right is arra yed in a lion-mane head-dress and a cape of the same imposing material. The former is crested with the Lion of Judah, the emblem of the nobility of the country

OF THE DELEGA-
e mixture of Eastern and
e the foreign delegations

PAGEANTRY UNDER THE CINEMA EYE: An imposing gathering of the Powers, national and foreign. The coronets were imported from an English house, while the lion head-dress is traditional. The ubiquitous presence of the movie camera occasioned considerable discomfort to the priesthood, for Ras Tafari has a weakness for being photographed. He apologized to the prelates for the presence of cameras in the Cathedral

THE INFLUX OF THE TRIBES: Rejoicing in Abyssinia is accompanied by noise at all costs, so that rifles are an inevitable concomitant of any celebration. On this occasion unexpected din was occasioned when all the fireworks were inadvertently let off at an inopportune moment

ONE EMPEROR HONOURS ANOTHER: The procession through lines of native soldiers, drilled and uniformed by Europeans, leaves the palace for the unveiling of a statue to the late King Menelik. Inset above is the Duke of Gloucester (in Hussar uniform), who represented the King at the coronation. Before H.R.H. walks the Heir Apparent to the throne of Ethiopia, in a coronet made, designed in, and imported from London

The CORONATION of the EMPEROR of ETHIOPIA

A Special Section of "The Sphere", dealing with the Great Pageantry at Addis Ababa, where Ras Tafari was Invested with His Kingdom in Scenes of Unparalleled Splendour

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

Although I had already seen *Bitter Sweet* on ten occasions, I was glad that the illness of Miss Peggy Wood and the official first appearance of Miss Evelyn Laye (she had secretly played the part on the previous Saturday) in her part conspired together to provide me an excuse to see this delightful operette again.

The fact that she had already played the part in New York with very great success must have made the difficult and unenviable task of stepping into the shoes of a great artiste easier, but Miss Laye was obviously nervous during the earlier stages of the play. As it happened it suited her rôle during these scenes very well, and she was delicious as the *jeune fille bien elevée* falling in love with her attractive singing teacher. It was a fine contrast to the young women of to-day as shown in several plays now running in London.

The combination of her typically English beauty and pretty frocks of course helped her a lot when she portrayed a young girl, but I do not think anyone could emulate her predecessor's superb performance as Sari Linden.

In this scene Miss Laye wore a wig which did not become her nearly as well as her own hair, and she did not express the depth of feeling of a woman who had been through fire and lived, cherishing the memory of only one man, to the exclusion from her heart of all others.

Her voice is very good and has a delightfully youthful quality, and her acting brilliant in the earlier scenes.

She received a long ovation on her first appearance and a vociferous one at the end of the show.

I noticed very few changes in the rest of the cast since the opening performance, and all the members of the company performed as if inspired by the new recruit. One of the secrets of the great success of the play is that all the parts, and particularly the small ones, are very well cast.

Miss Ivy St. Helier received almost as much applause as Miss Laye for her clever study of a French *diseuse* and Clifford Heatherley gave us a perfect picture of the moustache-twirling café proprietor anxious to do anything to please the *Herren Offiziere*.

Since Miss Laye opened, the theatre has been packed at every performance, in spite of the play being in the sixteenth month of its run, and I recommend a second visit. I cannot believe there is anybody left in London who would be seeing the play for the first time.

In spite of the lack of success French adaptations are having in London, the vogue continues.

After Mr. Mitchelhill bought the attractive little Duchess Theatre, he declared that he would rather leave the theatre empty for years than reopen it with anything but a play which he was sure would be successful.

He spent months in searching and eventually found a comedy from the French entitled *An Object of Virtue*, which Edward Percy has adapted. His choice was not a happy one in spite of the imposing list of actors and actresses who had been engaged to interpret the uninteresting characters.

Here again we have the turning of a worm — in this case a retired and wealthy tradesman revolting at the extravagance of an aristocratic son-in law. Happily it does some good as it causes the lazy young nobleman to give up his *maîtresse*, fall in love with his own wife and, worst of all, work for his living.

The first act is the most boring I have ever slept through. I was only kept awake during the other acts because of the novelty of seeing a French wife actually being annoyed at the discovery of her husband's intrigue with another woman.

For years French authors have been working hard to tell the world that in their country a wife would be disgusted if she discovered her husband did not have an *inamorata* tucked away in some quiet spot. However, *tout passe tout casse*.

I cannot understand why, when a play is adapted from a foreign language, a few words are left in the original tongue to be mispronounced by the actors. In this play we not only had the usual funny and varied versions of *Monsieur*, but also some glorious mispronunciations of *déjeuner*.

In this case, the constant reminders by the use of French words of the play's origin only made the audience seem more disappointed at the propriety of the plot.

The play was beautifully put on, the scenery and costumes being perfect, nor was there any fault to be found with the production or acting, excepting that Horace Hodges, looking exactly like my conception of Mr. Pickwick, seemed to try to be as unintelligible as was humanly possible.

He succeeded.

Berlin has gone mad over the production of a new play called *Elizabeth of England* by Ferdinand Bruckner at the *Deutsche Theater*. I do not remember such lyrical praise being showered on any production in a country where dramatic critics are notoriously unkind. It is acclaimed as being a better work than even their beloved Schiller's *opus* on the same subject. Whereas Schiller deals mainly with the combat between Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots—that is woman against woman—Bruckner concentrates on the fight between Elizabeth and two men—Essex, and Philip of Spain.

The most effective scene in the play is where the Sovereigns of England and Spain, embittered by a life of *bellum omnium in omnes*, are seen praying to what they imagine to be their own exclusive Deities for victory.

The influence of Lytton Strachey's book, *Elizabeth and Essex*, is apparent in the first act, which deals almost exclusively with the Earl of Essex and ends with the beheading of this ill-advised young man.

The death scene of Philip of Spain gives Werner Krauss an opportunity for the most fearsome acting seen since the days before the War, when Otto Wegener used to horrify Berliners at the same theatre by his tremendous portrayal of Macbeth.

There is a curious error in casting, as Bacon is portrayed as being a man small in stature!

I am sorry that English managers are afraid of producing costume plays, as I should like to have seen this play done in London. If he were alive to-day Sir Herbert Tree could not have resisted the temptation.

But, save for Sir John Martin Harvey, to whom costume seems the very quintessence, the inevitable concomitant of drama, there is not an actor-manager in London (*pace* Balliol Holloway) who dares historical plays. Rather is the trend in the opposite direction, for plays traditionally, almost necessarily, costume plays, are produced in plus fours and pyjamas.

Nevertheless, inasmuch as anything from abroad, no matter how bad, has an appeal to managers possessed by no native product, no matter how good, it is possible that the English play which is thrilling Germany (to which land it can have no patriotic appeal) may come to London where it should have been first produced.

Reginald Berkeley rarely writes anything that is not interesting, and *Machines*, which is having a short run at the Arts Theatre Club before, I hope, a long season at an ordinary theatre, is a very good specimen of his craftmanship.

It deals with the rise and fall of a working man who is obsessed with the idea that the machines of the factory in which he works are making slaves of himself and his comrades. He wishes to raise the standard of the workmen so that they should run the factories with the employers on a communistic basis.

The earlier scenes in the factory are well done; in fact, considering the smallness of the stage extraordinarily well done. On one occasion there are actually thirty people on a stage which is about one-half the size of the stage of an ordinary theatre.

In the second act we see the uplifter of mankind indulging in a sordid *affaire* at a riverside inn with a Tory M.P.'s innocent daughter without disclosing to her the fact that he is married. This is the weakest part of the play. There seems no reason for the girl to have taken this step, as they continue a political discussion which they could have done better anywhere else than in a bedroom. I thought this scene could have been deleted entirely without injuring the play.

The third act is very strong and is full of dramatic situations.

The clandestine riverside meeting is discovered by the girl's father, who, not knowing who the woman is, finances the workman's wife to institute divorce proceedings. He then finds out that it is his daughter, and that she has also been financing the whole scheme. This is a fine scene, splendidly played by George Zucco and Marie Ney. The father tells the whole story to the Press and the workman's ruin is complete. He gets suspended from the House of Commons and in a state of frenzy murders his erstwhile sweetheart and benefactress.

The last scene is a short one and shows him being sentenced to death at the Old Bailey. I thought this could have been dispensed with entirely, as there are altogether too many scenes.

It was a meritorious effort to get the show on at all on such a small stage, but the effective and cleverly constructed scenery did much to lessen the stage staff's work. There was one particularly good set showing a newspaper magnate's office, and a clever study of the titled journalist by that admirable actor, Frank Cochrane.

The big part was, of course, that of the revolutionary, and was forcibly acted by Edmund Willard.

It has always been a mystery to me why it has been left to the Americans to glorify the achievements of our own Royal Flying Corps on the screen. It is true that they can afford to spend much more money than we can, but we should be able to make a picture with better detail, just as good flying, and certainly a better story, than the banal one used in *Hell's Angels*, which is now packing the London Pavilion.

Nothing quite so bad has been seen for a long time as the American idea of how the nice English Society girls threw themselves at young flying gentlemen during the War.

Although this part of the picture has been drastically cut, the audience laugh every night at some of the more ridiculous scenes.

However, this part of the picture is soon over, to be followed by the most marvellous aerial photography that has ever been shown. We see a 'plane ramming a Zeppelin which comes down in flames, the bombing of a German ammunition dump by a German Gotha flown by British officers, and a dog-fight between about fifty machines which is similar to the one during which the German ace of aces, Rittmeister Baron Manfred von Richthofen, was killed.

There were various faults in detail and I did not understand why it was necessary to use a captured German aeroplane flying at a low altitude to bomb the ammunition dump, which was entirely without camouflage or any other protection, and just asking to be blown up by any British bombing squadron with nothing better to do, flying at a safe height.

It is certainly the most exciting entertainment in London for people with strong nerves.

THE SYMBOL OF SERVITUDE——

——CRUSHED! Mr. Ronald Squire, who is voluntarily hammered on 'Change, treats his top-hat in emblematic fashion in "The Breadwinner," the brilliant Somerset Maugham satire at the Vaudeville

"NIPPY" AT THE PRINCE EDWARD

Special "Sphere" pictures of a Splendid Musical Comedy

THE ROBERT'S TOPPER: Mr. Clifford Mollison, the hero, is landed with the fruit of a 'varsity rag and is in danger of suffering for a fault of which he is guiltless on the entrance of the constable

LYONS TURNED INTO A BEAR-GARDEN: A scene in the Corner House on Boat Race Night. Messrs. Mollison and Riscoe argue with violence about the spoils of the rag—a policeman's helmet

"HAVE YOU BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME AND I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU?" The dawn of love. Mr. Mollison, having disregarded the attractions of the patrons of Lyons, falls heavily for Miss Binnie Hale, a Nippy

"YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE THIS JUST BECAUSE I'M A WAITRESS": Mr. Mollison's advances, occasioned by love, are misconstrued as the philandering of a casual and rich young bounder

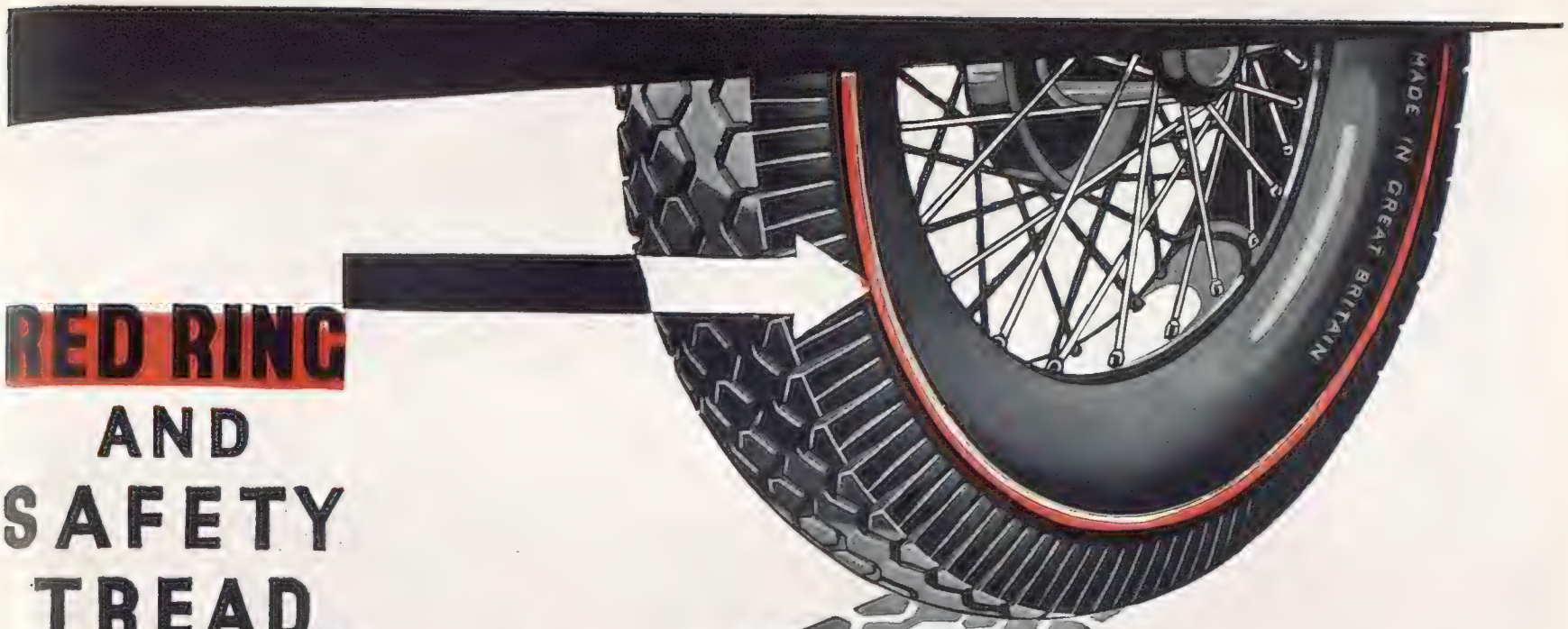
"NIPPY" NIPPED IN THE BUD: Miss Binnie Hale gets the sack for falling for Clifford Mollison. Her colleagues protest by hurling their trays on to the stage

THE INEVITABLE MORNING AFTER: Messrs. Mollison and Arthur Riscoe recline against their car outside a riverside dwelling which is, by a curious coincidence, that of Miss Hale's parents

THE APOTHEOSIS OF NIPPY: Miss Binnie Hale has become a Hollywood star, while Mr. Mollison has become an expert motor merchant. She is seen at a personal appearance before one of her pictures appears on the screen—an effective use of the play within a play

Fictures by "The Sphere" special process

THE HAPPY ENDING: Mr. Mollison's father who has begged Miss Hale not to ruin his son's life, relents now that the lady is not a humble "Nippy" but a super superlative film star



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FIGHTING AEROPLANES FROM AN AIRSHIP: Members of the Zeppelin crew on top of the dirigible ward off with machine-gun fire the attacking British 'planes as the great ship hovers over London

IN A ZEPPELIN ENGINE-ROOM: One of the spectacular and accurate sequences in "Hell's Angels" is that concerned with the German raiding dirigible which lowers an observation-car thousands of feet to remain itself above the clouds

"ABANDON ALL SPARES": This dramatic order is productive of dramatic action in "Hell's Angels," when the raiding Zeppelin, closely pursued by British 'planes, makes a bid for liberty

UNDER FALSE COLOURS: R.A.F. pilots take a captured "Gotha" over the enemy lines to bombard an ammunition dump. The 'plane is flown by Messrs. James Hall and Ben Lyons, who are co-starred in this great spectacular film. A real Zeppelin, purchased from Germany, falls in flames

"HELL'S ANGELS"

Moments from the most spectacular aerial film now to be seen at the London Pavilion. The production cost £800,000

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE APPROPRIATE USE *of* PAINTED FURNITURE

By KATHRINE MORRISON

What could be more attractive for a bedroom than this chest-of-drawers with clusters of pink roses on a blue ground? The mirror and corner cupboard are also painted pieces

If your main object in furnishing a room is to make it bright and cheerful, why not choose painted pieces? Nothing surpasses them for producing an atmosphere of lightness and gaiety.

Painted furniture being essentially decorative, the greatest discretion should be exercised in the matter of backgrounds. Generally speaking, these should be neutral, so as not to rival or outshine the effect of the painted designs. This uniformity of tone need not preclude richness of texture. Indeed some painted pieces are so elaborate that they call for sumptuous settings such as, for example, walls hung with silk damasks. But for less ornate furniture painted or distempered walls are quite suitable. They should not match the background colour of the furniture, but should repeat or emphasize some leading tint used in the designs.

The problem of combining painted pieces with other furniture is as important as the question of backgrounds. As a general rule mahogany and oak are too solid and substantial for such sprightly neighbours. Walnut is a happier choice, particularly for smaller pieces such as desks or tables. However a walnut tallboy or a large cabinet on a stand could be made the central feature in a room where painted pieces predominate.

While it is always possible to combine painted furniture with certain other woods if one possesses a discriminating taste, nevertheless rooms furnished with painted pieces alone are usually most satisfactory. What kind of rooms lend themselves best to such treatment? Without a doubt small rooms, or the more intimate type of room such as bedrooms, boudoirs, and nurseries. Particularly bedrooms. The bedstead need not necessarily be of painted wood. A simple couch-bed with a decorative head-cloth and covering is enough. All the other pieces could be painted. A very delightful Italian dressing-table and chest-of-drawers are illustrated on this page. They are in a house decorated by the Marchesa da Ricci.

In bedrooms floral designs are usually most in keeping with their surroundings, although decorative pierrots, shepherds, and shepherdesses make very effective *motifs*. In nurseries nothing is more suitable than birds, fruits, and animals.

It is a safe rule to choose painted pieces whose patterns emphasize the lightness and grace which is their leading characteristic.

A group of painted furniture in a room in which the walls are plain, but here and there are hung with silk damask — a suitable setting for more elaborately-painted furniture

This Italian corner cupboard possesses just that lightness of design and decoration which a painted piece should have. It was restored by Mr. Harold Brittan the architect

Recalling by its design the frivolous charm of the eighteenth century, this dressing-table with its painted stool seems a proper setting for the toilet ceremonial of some bepowdered marquise

A SOLUTION to the PROBLEM of Growing HAIR

Now that women have finally decided that hair must be worn long, the ingenuity of the leading coiffeurs has once again been brought into play. Whilst all styles of hairdressing, of course, are very feminine, many women who find it convenient to wear their hair shortish during the day revert to the shingle at night.

The Eton crop, of course, is definitely a thing of the past, and the closely cut shingle is *passé* too. Yet although the mode of the moment is curls and femininity, heads are dressed to wear a sculptured-like appearance.

The sketch to the right shows a very becoming coiffure by James Stewart of Regent Street, which can be modified to suit almost any type of face. The hair falls softly away from the face in front in large, smooth waves, and at the back is a cluster of loose "sausage" curls.

In many variations of the modern coiffure the tip of the ear is exposed, and frequently the hair is brushed away from the ear altogether.

Another coiffure by James Stewart, seen recently, is destined for the hair which has only grown about 3 in. The hair was parted at the side, falling in soft waves over the front, and ending in a long horizontal curl at the nape of the neck.

A coiffure suggested by James Stewart of Regent St.

CHINA *and* GLASS *for the* HOME

Some Selected Articles which Combine Utility with Æsthetic Value

Here again the colourings of the Newport pottery are attractively demonstrated in this table lamp which costs 47s. 6d., fruit dish, 6s. 6d., and book-ends, 12s. 6d.

A group of Newport pottery in gay colours, consisting of a pitcher costing 18s. 6d., a circular flower vase, 8s. 6d., and a candlestick at 4s.

On left—A beautiful set of finely engraved wine-glasses—the work of the well-known Moser glass factory

The glassware illustrated on this page is the work of the Moser Glass Factory, which was founded in the eighteenth century by Ludwig Moser, the famous glass engraver. The exquisitely clear and fine texture of the medium shows to great advantage the skill of the leading artists of the day who are chosen to design this glassware.

Following on an invention which began as far back as 1885, a special process has been developed in which, as a consequence, the colour varies in artificial light and in daylight. For instance, a violet colour by daylight becomes quite a red-mauve when illuminated by artificial light. In the same way, green becomes red-brown and bluish-red a brilliant ruby. This glass, of course, is also made in crystal.

From the Newport Potteries come the gaily-patterned china lamp-stand, book-rests, flower vases, and fruit bowl which are illustrated here. Their colourings and design would be as happy in a room of modern design as in an old-world setting, and another point which pleads the cause of this fascinating pottery is the fact that its prices are extremely moderate.

The hand-painted Worcester coffee-set and fruit-plate also included on this page require no explanation—although a somewhat new note is struck by the shagreen finish which is given to it.

The handles and the rims are in gold, as also is the lining of the cups. In the centre of the plate is a hand-painted group of fruit in rich and realistic colourings. Each piece is signed by the artist.

To meet modern demand accessories for the home must have a practical as well as an æsthetic value, and that these two qualities can be successfully combined is demonstrated in the articles illustrated on this page, all of which are obtainable from Lawley's of Regent Street. This is also the permanent address of the Moser Glass Galleries.

Here hand-painted Worcester china is presented in a new form. It has the appearance of shagreen, with golden rims and handles as contrast. Each piece is signed by the artist

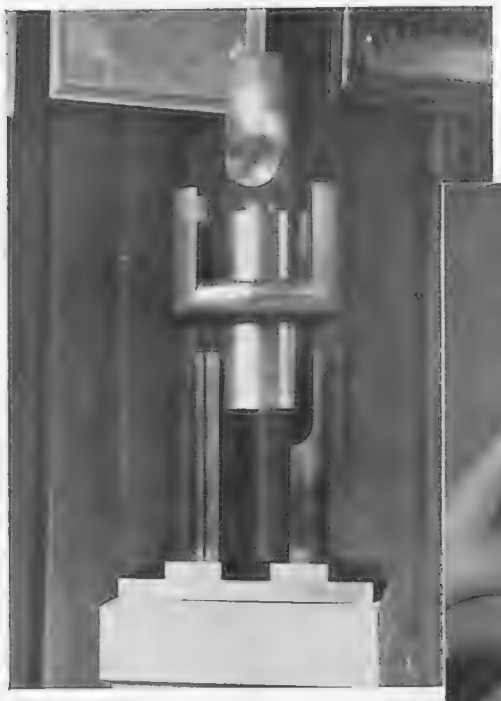
On left—A coloured crystal vase of rare beauty, which by special process entirely changes its hue when seen by artificial light. Made by the Moser glassworks

On right—Accessories for the smoker, an original vase and candlestick. Unfortunately the camera cannot do justice to the glorious tones of this dual-colour Moser glass

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

ROBOTS across the WORLD

Developments in the Struggle to Produce a Mechanical Man



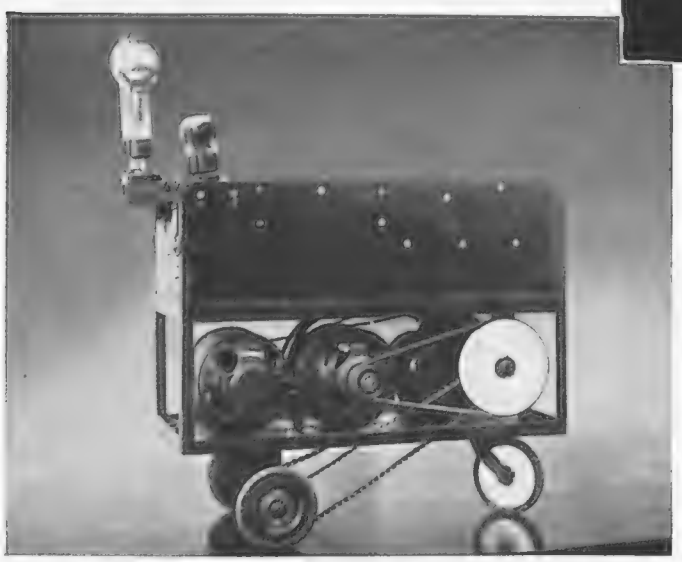
FUTURIST DESIGN: A loud-speaker vaguely human in form—an embryonic Robot which has achieved, as yet, neither an actual human shape nor motion

EXHIBIT AT A METAL FESTIVAL: An impressive Robot and (on right) a "nonsense soldier" Robot with spoons for epaulettes and frogs, a saucepan for helmet, and a ladle for plume. Both were seen at the Bauhaus Carnival, Dessau

THE EQUIPMENT OF A MODERN VENTRILOQUIST. Mr. Edgar Paolo who has a great reputation on the Continent His "props" are so expensive that they are carried on tour in special padded trunks. Above is a dummy head

Inset above in centre—*THE AUTO-TRUMPETER: A primitive Robot. It was designed by Johann Gottfried Kaufmann and his son Friedrich in 1908-10*

TRUMPETER, WHAT ARE YOU SOUNDING NOW? The well-known ventriloquist, Edgar R. Paolo, who makes use of the most modern technical achievements in robotism



THE "WORKS" OF THE ROBOT DOG: The interior of M. Piraux's dog seen on the right. A ray directed into the right eye makes it turn to the right; into the left eye to the left. The ray shone into both eyes makes it bark

CAVE CANEM: *A Robot dog and its inventor, M. Henri Piraux. The mechanism responds to an electric ray. It will veer to left or right and, on occasion, bark in life-like manner*

WINTER SPORT in SWITZERLAND

Special supplement to "The Sphere" depicting Life and Sport in "The Winter Playground of Europe"

BURBERRY SNOW- AND WIND-PROOF WINTER SPORTS DRESS

Catalogue of latest Burberry models for Ski-ing, Skating and Luge-ing and patterns of materials, post free. Please mention "The Sphere."

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The CALL of the SNOW

An Illustrated Alphabet of Winter Sport Resorts

BY CLIVE HOLLAND

ADELBODEN: *The Lohner ski-jump. This is one of the finest centres in the Bernese Oberland and is an ideal centre for skating*

Switzerland when we first knew it used to be an almost exclusively summer holiday ground. To-day, although more people visit "the Land of Mountains" in spring, summer, and autumn than in winter, every year sees a larger number going to Switzerland for the Winter Sports, which Swiss enterprise and skill have developed to an extent and a perfection not equalled in any other country.

Indeed, we know of people who nowadays are in the habit of taking (as an Irishman once said) their summer holiday in winter, so that they may indulge in the fascinating and healthy sports, which prove so great an attraction to thousands of holiday makers.

For full enjoyment of Winter Sports one needs first a good equipment, and most large stores to-day are able to supply this; and secondly, vast expanses of snow on which to make ski-ing expeditions, and spacious ice rinks for skating, ice yachting, hockey, curling, and other sports. London provides the first essentials and Switzerland the second.

The great resorts, Grindelwald, St. Moritz, Pontresina, Davos, and Engleberg are known at least by name to all. And here one has winter sports developed to a high degree of excellence, and the accommodation provided is equally unrivalled and delightful. But there are a large number of other centres which the ever-increasing number of holiday-makers has called into being. Celerina, Arosa, Sils-Maria, Adelboden, Kandersteg, Montreux, and Hospenthal among the number, with Caux, Les Avants, and Les Rasses situated in French Switzerland; while Flims and Villars-Bretaye must not be forgotten.

Most of these have their own characteristics, and many of them appeal to very distinctive types of Winter Sports folk.

As a general rule it may be said that the smaller resorts are given over more entirely to the interests of Winter Sports themselves; while the larger have added many more or less exotic attractions to the winter holiday programme in the way of concerts, dances, and cabaret entertainments, and have developed hotel life in some respects on the lines of that prevailing on the Riviera.

Everyone knows too that another desirable thing is the proximity to the Winter Sports centre of good northern slopes of snow, which remain unaffected by the sun comparatively late into the new year. This is being more and more recognized by the smaller centres which have been opened, for some of them have their chief claims because of the prevalence of suitable north-facing expanses of snow.

To every Winter Sports enthusiast two particular regions are known which contain many favourite resorts, and are considered *par excellence* the finest for ski-ing, and Winter Sports generally, in Switzerland. One is in the Oberland served by the Oberland-Bernais Railway, and lies between the Châteaux d'Oex in the west, and Zweismmen and Lenk, and even Adelboden in the east, and culminates at Saanenmöser. The other in the Grisons is famous for its magnificent snow-fields in the neighbourhood of Davos, Klosters, and Arosa.

There would seem this year to be every prospect of a record season in Switzerland and at Winter Sports' resorts in other countries, France, Norway, Sweden, Austria and Czechoslovakia. In all of these and in the Swiss resorts preparations for the season are on an extensive scale and the final programmes of Sports, indoor amusements at the hotels and organized excursions have never been fuller and more varied.

AROSA: *The tiny church set in a scene so typical it seems more a product of art than nature. Arosa offers a Kursaal in addition to its great sporting attractions*

CAUX: *The sports train. It is connected by a cog-wheel railway with Montreux*

DAVOS: *A scene during the fastest game in the world — ice hockey. Davos is the oldest resort and offers unusual attractions to ski-runners as well as a superb rink*

ENGELBERG: *A moment during the ice gymkahna in this popular resort*

CELERINA: *One of the most attractive of the smaller resorts in the Engadin*

FLIMS: *The climb to Crap St. John This is one of the smaller resorts but is annually increasing its clientele. It is fortunate in being situate conveniently for fine Alpine tours into the Vorab and Sardona regions*

OUR A.B.C. OF RESORTS

Coming to the resorts in detail, as we have before said they have most of them charms and characteristics of their own.

ADELBODEN has long been a well-known and popular Winter Sports centre, and from its position—ensuring both an abundance of sunshine and of snowfall, the latter so essential to the enjoyment of the skier—it is one of the best centres in the Bernese Oberland. One of its special advantages is its possession of ideal ski-ing slopes, and the existence of these in the immediate vicinity of the hotels. Excursions, too, are so numerous as to prevent monotony, and the visitors' ski club is a much appreciated institution. The arrangements for all kinds of sport are excellent and very varied, and the hotels provide amusements and dancing in the evenings

AROSA, at an altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level, occupies a position on a most favoured southern slope. It is surrounded by lovely mountain scenery, and the village and hotels are situated amid delightful woods and widely-extending meadows. Its connection with Coire—the last through-train station of the Swiss Federal Railways—is by the wonderful electric railway, Coire–Arosa, travelling through most magnificent scenery. In addition to the usual facilities for winter sports which are well organized, and splendid ski-ing, Arosa offers the attractions of a kursaal with concerts, dances, a cinema, and various other entertainments, which has greatly added to its popularity. The snow lies late at Arosa, so that one often finds ski-ing going on when the spring flowers are coming into bloom.

CAUX is one of the younger resorts connected by cogwheel railway with Montreux-Territet which is on the main Simplon line. It is set amid magnificent scenery, and the views from Caux of the lake and mountains are of unsurpassed loveliness. Highly recommended by the medical profession for a stay at all times of the year. It is a place particularly suitable for convalescents, and has come to the fore in recent years as a winter sports centre with its bob-sleigh and luge runs more than two miles in length, with a cog-wheel railway taking skiers higher up to the snowfields at an altitude of over 5,000 feet. There is a good skating rink, and curling and ice-hockey rinks.

(*Continued on p.332*)

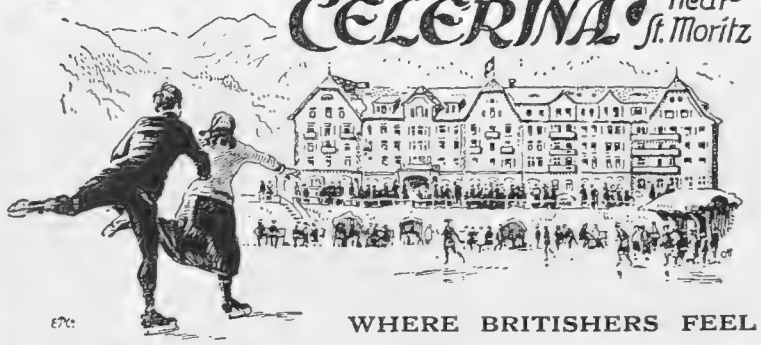
SILS-MARIA

THE
HOTEL WALDHAUS
(7 Miles from St. Moritz)
High-class in Sunny Position.

THE
IDEAL CENTRE
FOR SKI-ING

Splendid Ice Rink — Curling — Tobogganing.

CRESTA PALACE CELERINA near St. Moritz



WINTER SPORTS at the SUNNIEST PLACE in the ENGADINE.

THE
Cresta Palace Celerina
Every Modern Comfort.
Bright Social Life.
Own Orchestra.
GEO. BISENZ, Director.

WHERE BRITISHERS FEEL AT HOME

A VERY SUNNY SNOW PARADISE
3,600 ft. a.s.l.

Flims
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All
Winter Sports
Pension Terms from 12 frs.
Apply to Enquiry Office.

CAUX
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3,800 feet above sea-level.
18 hours from London by Orient Express
PARIS—MONTREUX.
All Winter Sports
For skiers frequent train service to JAMAN 5,600 feet a.s.l.
Famous Skating Rink and Bob Run
CAUX PALACE
(de Luxe)
HOTEL REGINA
(1er ordre)

PONTRESINA
(ENGADINE) 6,000 feet above sea-level.
SCHLOSS HOTEL
High Class Family Hotel. Latest Modern Improvements. 200 Rooms. Private Ice Rink. Large Ballroom. Orchestra. Ski organiser.
BRANCH HOUSES:
PARK HOTEL, PONTRESINA.
GRAND HOTEL DES TEMPLES, AGRIGENTO, SICILY.

ENGELBERG
Favourite English Centre
for
ALL WINTER SPORTS
The sports locality of Engelberg is situated 3,500–6,000 feet a.s.l.
Air Cable Railway to Trübsee 6,000 feet.

PONTRESINA
ENGADINE, 6,000 ft.
ROSEG
GRAND HOTEL
"THE HOUSE IN THE SUN"
200 Rooms. All Winter Sports. Orchestra. Indoor Amusements.
Pension from 16/-

LES RASSES
4,000 ft. a.s.l. 6 hrs. from Paris.
THE FAIRYLAND for all WINTER SPORTS
Paradise for Ski-ing, Skating, Lugeing, Curling. Large Pine Woods.
The Biggest Panorama in Switzerland
THE GRAND HOTEL
(First Class). 150 Beds.
Orchestra, Dancing, American Bar. From 15.–
THE HOTEL BEAU SITE
Family Hotel. 50 Beds.
Fine cooking. From 10.–

ADELBODEN
BERNESE OBERLAND 4,500 feet.
The well-known and sunniest Swiss Winter Sports Resort.
Best conditions for all sports.
None to equal it for excellent ski-ing.
For particulars, apply to Enquiry Office, Adelboden, or Swiss Federal Railways, 11b, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

HOSPENTHAL
On the St. Gothard Pass.
Alt. 4,870 feet.
ALWAYS PLENTY OF SNOW.
A Paradise for ski-ing and other winter sports.
Hotel Meyerhof
A comfortable family house patronised by English Clientele.

AROSA
6,000 ft. a.s.l.
In the Highest Position near the Ski-ing Fields and Ice Rink.
Grand Hotel
TSCHUGGEN
First Class Sports Hotel. Largest South Front. All South Rooms with running Water and Loggias. Orchestra. Sports Instructors. Terms from 20 Frs.
J. Kleiner, Manager.

5,000-6,000 feet above sea.
DAVOS
LEADING WINTER SPORT RESORT
Since 1876
The following DAVOS HOTELS cater specially for British visitors.
GRAND HOTEL AND BELVEDERE
200 beds. 17- to 25/-
FLUELA SPORT AND POST HOTEL
130 beds. 17/- to 22/-
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90 beds. 16/- to 25/-
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80 beds. 16/- to 21/-
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60 beds. 13/- to 20/-
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40 beds. 10/- to 15/-
The Famous PARSENN SKI HUT is in and belongs to DAVOS

LES AVANTS
s/Montreux
3,195 ft. a.s.l.
Dry and Sunny Climate.
ALL WINTER SPORTS
Numerous Sporting and Fashionable Entertainments. Comfortable Hotels and Pensions.
Write Inquiry Office.

Havas.

The CALL of the SNOW

An Illustrated Alphabet of Swiss Winter Sport Resorts

By CLIVE

(Continued from p. 330)

CELERINA, though one of the smaller resorts in the district of St. Moritz, is a very popular one with Winter Sports enthusiasts, and justly so. It is charmingly situated amid magnificent scenery and wide snow fields, and standing out in the open of the valley, claims to be the sunniest Engadine Winter resort, and if not actually that is nevertheless a veritable "sun-trap." It possesses excellent facilities for all kinds of sports. The famous Valley run is preserved for the use of Celerina tobogganing visitors, and even the children have their own run, while the two world-famous Cresta and Cresta Bob runs open out into the valley at Celerina and can also be used.

DAVOS is the oldest and one of the best known Alpine health resorts, 5,000 feet above sea-level, set in a mountainous district of eastern Switzerland, and surrounded and sheltered by higher mountains. There is a magnificent ice rink and many of the international championships and hockey matches take place upon it. The season lasts from the middle of November to the middle of March.

ENGELBERG is one of the most charming resorts, 3,356-4,000 feet above sea-level, and not far distant from the southern end of the Lake of Lucerne. To its magnificent and equable climate must be added beauty of scenery, with delightful facilities for all the usual winter sports. A suspension railway from the Gerschnialp to the Trübsee takes one in ten minutes to 6,000 feet altitude where ski-ers find splendid slopes of virgin snow for their sport. The development of this Alpine village has been undertaken on the most modern lines, and splendid accommodation and sports and amusement facilities are provided by and in the various fine hotels.

FLIMS, in the Grisons district, one of the smaller resorts which has a clientèle of increasing dimensions, is reached by motor-coach service from the Reichenau–Tamins station on the railway. It justly claims to be "a place of Sunshine, Sport and Ice," and is well placed for ski-ing, tobogganing and other Winter Sports. There are fine Alpine Tours in the higher Alps into the Vorab and Sardona regions, and the usual tailing parties, skating and competitive sports. At the hotels there are Concerts, Dancing, Games, Lectures, and other indoor amusements.

GRINDELWALD, situated in a charming valley amid magnificent mountains, including the Eiger, Wetterhorn, and Mettenberg immediately towering above the former Alpine village which has nowadays in Winter and Summer become a bustling townlet, has long ago taken a prominent place in the first rank. Here one has beautiful surroundings, unrivalled facilities for all kinds of Winter Sports (with International contests and events) ten ice rinks with no less than seven acres of skating surface; five curling rinks, and one ice-hockey rink; several toboggan runs, three miles in length; two bobsleigh runs of three miles; and ski-leaps. There are several ski-runners' huts provided, and huts of the Swiss Alpine Club. There are also several Sports Clubs. There are fine hotels, which provide a constant round of indoor amusements.

HOSPENTHAL, one of the most picturesque of little towns in Central Switzerland, though also one of the smaller Winter Sports Resorts has much to offer. It lies at the foot of the St. Gothard Pass and is on the Furka Railway, only a couple of miles or so from Andermatt. At Hospenthal one has a wonderful view over the encircling mountains, and snow is abundant every winter at an altitude of 5,000 feet. There is excellent ski-ing, sleighing, tobogganing, and skating, and many delightful ski-tours to the St. Gothard Hospice.

KANDERSTEG may claim to be one of the oldest Winter Sports stations in the Bernese Oberland, but it can also claim to have been progressive, so that to-day it offers many attractions to the Winter Sports holiday-maker. There are well-kept ice-rinks, several toboggan runs, two interesting bob sleigh runs, and fine opportunities for ski-running. And the broad flat valley offers excellent facilities for ski-joring and tailing.

GRINDELWALD: *A scene on the Bear Rink in the shadow of the Wetterhorn*

HOSPENTHAL: *Hard by Andermatt*

KANDERSTEG: *Two groups set forth, one for the slopes, one for the rink—two sports well catered for at this resort*

LES AVANTS: *The famous San Loup bob run would alone endear this resort to tourists*

LES RASSES: *The start of a ski-race in the Jura*

PONTRESINA: *This famous resort is easily reached by the Rhaetian main line and two other electric railways*

SILS: *The scenery is exceptional and the sporting facilities above average*

VILLARS-BRETAYE: *One of the greatest features of resort, reached from Aigle or Bex is the magnificent panorama of the Savoy Alps*

HOLLAND

LES AVANTS, situated near Montreux, above the Lake of Geneva, is one of the most picturesque of the smaller winter resorts, with good hotels, magnificent scenery, and excellent facilities for all kinds of Winter Sports. In addition to the wide expanses of snowfields for ski-ing, there is the famous bobsleigh run at San Loup, ice rinks, toboggan runs, skating, tailing, and indoor amusements.

LES RASSES, is a rising Winter Sports centre in the Jura region easily reached by the line Yverdon—Ste. Croix. Situated at an altitude of some 3,750 feet, visitors can enjoy many ski-ing excursions across the vast expanses of snow, through the woods, and down the slopes which border the valley, while there are ice rinks devoted to skating, curling and hockey, toboggan runs, ski-leaps and bobsleigh runs. The duration of sunshine in the winter months is very high.

MONTREUX, placed on a small peninsula on the north-eastern shore of Lake Geneva, has a notably bright and gay winter season with daily Concerts, Recitals, Lectures, Theatrical Performances, Roller Skating, Thés Dansants, and Dancing at the principal hotels and at the "Perroquet" Cabaret.

PONTRESINA needs little introduction to the Winter Sports enthusiast for it has attained great note, during the last decade especially, as a delightful centre with wonderful snowfields, beautiful scenery, a bright social life in its excellent hotels, and all the necessary arrangements and facilities for a thoroughly enjoyable Winter Sports holiday. There are toboggan runs, a vast ice rink, a bobsleigh run, and the Big "Bernina" ski-leap.

SILS is another Engadine resort with many claims. Here one has fine air at an altitude of nearly 6,000 ft. Winter Sports facilities and excellent ski-ing grounds on the great snowfields of the valley and on the slopes of the surrounding hills. Sleighs are sent to meet the trains at St. Moritz.

ST. MORITZ is a resort of world-wide fame, and therefore needs scarcely more than mention. Here, amid delightful surroundings, and with magnificent scenery on every hand, one finds Winter Sports and social life at their best. Vast snow fields for ski-ers, exciting and splendid runs for tobogganers, fine ice rinks, and an unrivalled climate. What more can the Winter Sports enthusiast want? Entertainments of an indoor nature are numerous and excellent at the various fine hotels that have been called into being by the popularity of the resort.

VILLARS-BRETAYE, with an altitude of more than 4,000 ft, has become a very favourite resort at which Winter Sports have been highly developed and well-organized. It is reached from Bex by the Bex-Gryon-Villars Railway or from Aigle. The plateau on which Villars stands is sheltered from the north by a picturesque chain of wooden heights, and lies open to the south and the wonderful sunshine for which it is famous. The magnificent panorama of the Savoy and other alps is not among its least attractions. Great attention is paid to the health and winter sports requirements of children, for whom there are special pensions.

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Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc. by return of post. All requests are answered free, 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

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SWISS WINTER SEASON

VILLARS-BRETAYE

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British Ski Club with over 500 members. British Sports Secretaries.
English Chaplaincy. Resident Physician.
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ENGADINE, 6,000 ft. a.s.l.

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Sunniest and best position for Winter Sports where snow and ice never fail.

Finest ski-ing centre.

Comprehensive programme of indoor amusements.

Manager: C. F. Eicher.

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4,000 Beds.

Prices from 16 francs in the first-class hotels and from 10 francs in the second Category Hotels and Boarding Houses.

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French Switzerland

All Winter Sports

ICE AND SNOW
LOTS OF SUN
PLENTY OF FUN

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Splendid Indoor Amusements.

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Bernese Oberland

Offers the Best

WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

Full particulars re Hotels, Sporting Events from all Travel Agencies.

GRINDELWALD

The Centre where the snow never fails.

Havas.

The first snows descend into the Norwegian valleys

Ploughing through the broken ice on a Norwegian waterway

Ski-ers at Finse, Norway's high mountain sports resort

WINTER SPORT in MANY LANDS

Described by AYLMER NORRIS

NORWAY

It has been the custom of many people to regard Switzerland as the land of winter sports to the exclusion of several other countries which have many attractions to offer the enthusiast, if it cannot be said that as yet the more exotic and highly-developed social life found in Switzerland can be enjoyed in these.

There are many types, however, of winter sports holiday-makers: and some welcome opportunities for indulging in their favourite pastimes on the snow and ice without the necessity for the more elaborate trappings of indoor social life. For these the countries we are about to describe have many attractions.

Norway has for a number of years been known as a country possessing excellent facilities for winter sports of all kinds, and as one where the organization of these has of recent years had much attention paid it. Possessed of wonderful snowfields, it is little to be wondered at that more and more people find their way yearly to the land of the Vikings of old and of enterprize to-day.

Norway is easily reached by two well-known routes. The first via Parkeston Quay (Harwich) and Esbjerg (about twenty-four hours' sea passage) and then by rail to Copenhagen, by ferry to Sweden, and on by rail to Oslo, the Norwegian capital. The other route is by sea via Newcastle either to Oslo in about thirty-six hours, or to Bergen in twenty-one hours. The latter is a favourite route, as the sea passage is short, and one can get to several of the most popular resorts in from six to eight hours by train from Bergen.

Many people however go direct by sea to Oslo where, as on the outskirts of the capital, excellent facilities for winter sports prevail, and one has the choice of many excellent hotels the charges at which are graduated to suit all purses, and one also has opportunities of indoor and evening amusements and social life.

Few countries indeed can offer such magnificent and limitless snowfields as can Norway, or so long a period in which the snow remains in good condition for ski-ing; and it must be remembered that the vast majority of winter sports followers are more interested in ski-ing than in any other form of snow or ice pastimes. No wonder then that Norway has been called, and claims to be, "the ski-ers' paradise." That is not, however, to infer that there are not excellent facilities at most of the resorts for skating, tobogganing, curling, ice-hockey, sleighing, and ski-joring, while sailing on skis and on skates is becoming a very popular amusement. The sail used is one about 6 ft. high, 5 ft. in width at the bottom, and 3 ft. to 3 ft. 6 in. at the top. The sides are stiffened by pieces of bamboo or light wood and a piece across the centre. The sail is held firmly over the back of the ski-er or skater in the hands by rings, and is stretched taut by so doing, the arms being extended at right angles to the body shoulder high. On the snow considerable speed is attained, and on the ice very high speeds are possible.

There are quite a number of popular and good resorts nowadays, among them Finse, Lillehammer, Holmenkollen, Geilo, Fefor, and Tonsaarsen.

Finse, no less than 4,000 ft. above sea level, is one of the most popular. It is only about five hours from Bergen, and has from 3 ft. to 7 ft. of snow from early in December often until the middle of May. The chief sports include ski-ing, ski-joring with reindeer, ski-sailing, skating, curling, and tobogganing. There is good hotel accommodation, but owing to the popularity of the resort, reservations should be made some time in advance. Indeed, it is well to do this at all Swedish resorts, as the accommodation is somewhat limited.

Geilo is another favourite resort some 3,000 ft. above sea level, on the Bergen–Oslo line, about seven hours' journey from either place. Here the sports are chiefly ski-ing and tobogganing, and the snow conditions are usually excellent from the middle of December until the end of April, about 3 ft. to 5 ft. in depth.

Lillehammer is only 1,000 ft. up, but it is the chief sports centre of the Gudbransdal, and is about five hours' journey from Oslo. Here there are vast snowfields and many opportunities for extended excursions upon skis.

Fefor, just over the 3,000-ft. mark in altitude, is seven-and-a-half hours from Oslo. One goes first to Vinstra, from whence one takes a sledge journey, about two hours, to Fefor. It is a spot surrounded by vast open moorlands, especially adapted for ski-ing and lengthy excursions upon skis.

Tonsaasen is especially favoured as it has an abundance of snow at an altitude of about 2,000 ft. from the middle of November until late in the month of April. It is a beautiful spot and coming much into favour.

Other resorts which have features to recommend them are Holmenkollen, quite near Oslo the capital, where one can obtain excellent ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, curling, and hockey on the ice.

Other centres one may mention favourably are Bolkesjo, Breidablik, and Fagernes.

The cost of a winter sports holiday in Norway—if the complete tour is booked, including steamer, rail, and hotel accommodation—is very moderate. About £20 for sixteen days with full hotel accommodation for twelve days at Geilo or other places. While if one makes Oslo or Holmenkollen one's centre about £20 for seventeen days, or £25 for twenty-four days. These figures include really good, if not luxurious hotels and comfort in travelling.

There are many sports events held at Holmenkollen, including the wonderful ski-jumping championships. Boats both by way of Esbjerg and Newcastle are excellent.

SWEDEN, AUSTRIA, GERMANY, AND CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Nature has been kind to Sweden in relation to the provision of admirable facilities during the winter months for sports. It is, indeed, an ideal country for the enjoyment of an invigorating and delightfully healthy life in the open air, amid vast expanses of virgin snow, frozen lakes, and beautiful winter landscapes. There are pine and birch forests, too, which in their mantle of snow make the countryside a veritable fairyland.

Stockholm the capital is, naturally, one of the leading centres, and has the additional advantage that it offers social amenities and indoor amusements as well as fine ski-ing grounds in the immediate neighbourhood, and wide-extending reaches of ice for skating, ice-yachting, and skate-sailing on Lake Mälaren. These ice-fields are used for skating, hockey, bandy, curling, and other ice sports.

Skate-sailing has reached a high degree of skill and perfection in Sweden, and provides one of the most thrilling and popular of ice sports. Many events are organized each year, including ski-running, ski-leaping, skating, tobogganing, ice-yachting, and skate-sailing contests, the last-named providing a wonderful sight as the human birds, with their white wing-sails, go gliding at high speed over the ice.

Among the chief resorts we may mention Saltsjöbaden, only half an hour by electric tram from Stockholm, which may be called the leading winter resort in Sweden. Here one finds not only facilities for winter sports of all kinds but also excellent hotels, restaurants, and amusements. There are special ski-ing tracks, ski-jumps, and rinks. And here one finds ice-yachting and skate-sailing in full swing.

Djursholm, another resort quite easily reached from Stockholm, is situated on Stora Värtan, one of the sheltered bays of the Stockholm archipelago. It is a charming town of villas and hotels, with excellent and well-organized facilities for sports of all kinds.

Fiskartorpet has the distinction of possessing the most lofty ski-jump in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital. It is within easy reach of the stadium, with its vast rink for skating and ice-sports, and there is a ski-ing museum of interest.

Then there is Dalarna amid beautiful scenery; and Jämtland known as "the Swedish Ski-ers Paradise," and the Bothnian coastal resorts.

AUSTRIA has many attractions to offer the winter sports enthusiast.

So far as English visitors are concerned, Kitzbühel may be looked upon as the most frequented and popular resort. Many of the English visitors, indeed, come year after year, and this is a fine testimony of the excellence of the sport to be enjoyed and the pleasantness of the surroundings. Innsbrück is also one of the most popular, charming, and excellent centres, much patronized by English people. Zell am See is also a favourite place, situated upon a large lake which provides excellent skating, while the mountains and woods surrounding it are splendid for ski-tours. The hotels at Austrian resorts are very comfortable and the charges moderate. The Arlberg district is also popular and excellent for sports. Here are St. Anton and Zurs, both good. There is in every place a hearty welcome for British visitors who have, indeed, always been popular in hospitable Austria.

GERMANY is one of the later countries to get the winter sports' fever, but with characteristic German energy these have been rapidly developed and organized. Ski-ing has not only become the mode in Germany but very popular with all classes. In Germany there are facilities for winter sports in almost every part of the country. There are the high mountains of the Bavarian Alps stretching for some 125 miles, and many other mountain chains providing the necessary slope for the ski-er's enjoyment. Skating, sleighing, curling, bob sleighing, and tobogganing are also popular, and many runs have been constructed upon the most scientific principles. The most important centre is Germisch-Partenkirchen, some 2,350 ft. above sea level, and only an hour-and-a-half from Munich by electric railway. Another popular resort is Cherstdorf in the Allgäu district, with a railway running up to the 7,000-ft. Nebelhorn. The Black Forest is also a splendid area for winter sports. Especially the Feldberg. Freiburg is within easy distance of magnificent snow fields, and from Dresden one can reach other centres easily.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.—This new country for the winter sport enthusiast should not be overlooked. It is true that there sports have not yet reached a very high state of development, though immensely popular with the inhabitants. But at several of the resorts, in the High Tatras, especially, there are good facilities and comfortable hotels. One advantage that winter-sport holiday-makers have in Czecho-Slovakia is the moderate charges for living and accommodation. The railway fare is high, but the cost of the holiday when once the frontier is crossed more than sets off this.

Prague is a good centre from which to make ski-ing excursions, and there is also tobogganing and skating to be had. The hotels are excellent and of course there are plenty of indoor amusements in the way of theatres, cinemas, concerts, and dancing.

Sport on the mountain slopes at Jachymov, Czecho-Slovakia

A toboggan track on the outskirts of Prague

On the Feldberg, one of the highest peaks in the Black For

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A WINTER SPORTS WARDROBE

By PAMELA MURRAY

This neat, warm outfit is suited to the older woman who wants to curl. Scarlet leather gauntlets match the jerkin and contrast with the grey Harris tweed skirt and the plain sports hat, which has a becoming short brim by Burberrys, Ltd.

As the average woman goes to Switzerland for a healthy holiday, she does not want the worry and expense of packing several trunks with dresses she will have no occasion to wear. The smart woman has learnt the value of the verb "eliminate," and she neither takes a dance frock too many nor a ski sock too few.

I advise a black or navy blue suit without a suspicion of trimming. The jacket should have either zyp fasteners or sturdy buttons, and the trousers can only follow the baggy "guide" pattern if the wearer is slender. Regulation boots (amply large) and waterproofed gauntlets are essential and so are the short woollen gloves to wear underneath. Take two pairs; the principle being one pair on the hands and the other on the radiators. Two pairs of thick undersocks follow the same routine. They can be any old colour as they don't show under the gaily-coloured top socks which are so easy to knit at home in bright heavy wools and so expensive to buy. Goat-hair socks are an alternative, and although expensive, they are everlasting. A béret is attractive on the young, while a small felt hat with a brim becomes the older woman.

You only need two jerseys provided that they are different weights for differing weathers, and really brilliant beautiful colours matching your socks and contrasting with your suit.

Skating clothes are just the same as we see on the rinks at home. Flared skirts, neat knickers, tuck-in shirts or jumpers, and vivid colour contrasts. A red skirt and a white top, or a black velvet skirt with a tangerine suède coatee. Remember that only the expert should soar to white boots and that black suède boots are the smartest of all.

The older woman is sure to be fascinated by the curling rinks, where her generation distinguishes itself. She will need a well-fitted heavy-weight tweed and a leather overcoat for sitting out between games. Newmarket boots look distinguished and keep out draughts, but crêpe-soled sports shoes are cheaper and with golf socks and country stockings they suit the game excellently.

Tea dresses are never worn now, and the only other item is evening frocks. These can be many or few, according to the purse and temperament of the wearer.

Among the extras, apart from bandages, cold creams, ear-caps, and dark glasses, I think every woman should contrive to pack (or travel in) a tweed or leather overcoat. Furs often look mangy in Switzerland, and the rough wear does them no good.

Practical severity marks this ski-ing suit and close-fitting hat to match. It is in soft green with zyp fastenings to the neck and pockets. Camel-hair socks and waterproof gloves complete the outfit, at Burberrys, Ltd.

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PANDEMONIUM by the SULU SEA

With ALEKO LILIUS in the Philippine Islands—(II)

(Continued from page 313)

Now the gong beaters began to pound their instruments with all their might, and ear-deafening it was.

When the gongs suddenly stopped, the elder of the medicine men asked Professor Taylor to stand up. Then both of them ran their fingers over his body from head to foot and after a while he was again asked to lie down. One took Taylor's hand and pointed it towards the sky while the other massaged his body vigorously. After a while a drum began to groan softly somewhere among the boats nearby.

Now the medicine men changed tactics. They began to rock their bodies back and forth chanting for *Koh*. It sounded weird and very much like: *Kooh-kooh-kooh! Kooh-kooh-kooh! Kooh-kooh-kooh!*

When they were done calling for the *Koh* to carry away the *hantu*, pandemonium broke loose. All their instruments were at work simultaneously. And it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The man who had held Taylor's hand took a torch, soaked in oil. He held it with his left hand while he performed some kind of hocus pocus with his right hand. The fire of the torch went out. He passed his right hand back and forth before the patient's face with movements almost too swift for the eye to follow. He then touched his face and forehead; finally the neck, and continued along the shoulders, arms, and breast down to the legs and feet.

When this happened, not a sound was heard from the onlookers around us, and it was an uncanny sight indeed. Then the medicine man touched the blackened torch and immediately it burnt with a bright yellow flame. At this point the other man spilled a bottle of trade perfume on the head and hands of the "doctor"—it was to entice the *Koh* to join the party and keep away the *hantus*.

Now the medicine man started to make the motions of a bird in flight. He must have been altogether possessed. Occasionally he stepped on Taylor's feet, whereupon Taylor decided that to move away to the stern was safer. Two Bajaos carried him aft, while the magician was treading up and down the length of the boat, lifting and dropping his arms as though they were wings.

Suddenly he dropped in convulsions on the bottom of the boat, his mouth foaming. The other medicine man threw himself on the top of him and there they struggled. I was told later that the "doctor" had intended to throw himself into the sea. But the struggle was soon over and then the chief medicine man sat down and started to make the motions of rowing, and later of eating and drinking. He was a *hantu* now, paddling away for dear life lest the *Kohs* might get hold of him.

And this ended the rites. Strange they were, indeed, but the Bajaos assured us that the illness would disappear. The patient could go home now.

Whether or not magic was the cause of it, Professor Taylor got well. In two days he was up and exploring the islands and talking to the Bajaos, making innumerable notes and snapping photographs.

BOOKS REVIEWED

By CECIL ROBERTS

(Continued from page 320)

cohesion in the story. The characters are all set in frames, and despite the skill of the portraiture they fail to hold the attention. One is fatigued half-way down this gallery of Munich's petty bourgeoisie. Here is a minute picture of life in post-War Munich, and yet, for all its detail, its cleverness, I did not get a sense of the living city as I have known it. Herr Feuchtwanger has attempted to give a new form to the novel by this kaleidoscopic method, but he is not a pioneer. Here is a work of immense labour that has sadly failed. The translation is excellent.

Like the poet, the essayist is a neglected servant of letters these days. Mr. Richard King cannot be called neglected, he has a wide and an admiring public, but his serene sense, his quiet grace and breadth of mind should find a wider field. He is that rare man among his fellows, one who gives himself time to think and is withdrawn from the tumult of life even while he is vitally interested in it. The scope of *Soul's Dark Cottage* (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) reveals the extent of his travels in the realm of thought. "It is because our ambitions are so rarely in accord with our limitations which makes too many of us seem such tragic figures of thwarted desires." There is a finger put on the cause of much unhappiness and bitterness, so gently put, and yet so sure in the diagnosis. That is the continuous felicity of Mr. King's book, so quietly, so surely does he touch the vital spot.

I recall with so much pleasure Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer's book, *Some of the English*, that I picked up his novel, *Cousins German* (Benn. 7s. 6d.), with anticipation of good writing. I was not disappointed until I came to the end, when the introduction of a melodramatic spy theme seemed to be right out of his sober well-drawn picture of England at war. The book opens with a young Englishman, Anthony Paget, in Vera Cruz, and presents a very vivid and interesting sketch of the effect of the declaration of war on a group of international traders there, and in Galveston. Young Paget suffers from the disability of seeing two sides of the question, and a broad-minded soldier is a bad one. He performs his duty to the point of dying. The progression to that final sacrifice is well told, and Mr. Hueffer's skill in careful description and observation is again noteworthy in this book.

Since everybody writes to-day, the business side of literature is of interest to all of us. The complexity and variety of the publishing world demand an expert knowledge. There is no one who knows this world better than Mr. Michael Joseph. As the brains of the largest authors' agents' business he has wide contacts and experience. All this is put at the disposal of the buyer of *Complete Writing for Profit* (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), an omnibus book that is a veritable Bradshaw to all those who wish to arrive. Three successful books are here presented together covering fiction, short-story writing, and general journalism, with much shrewd advice.

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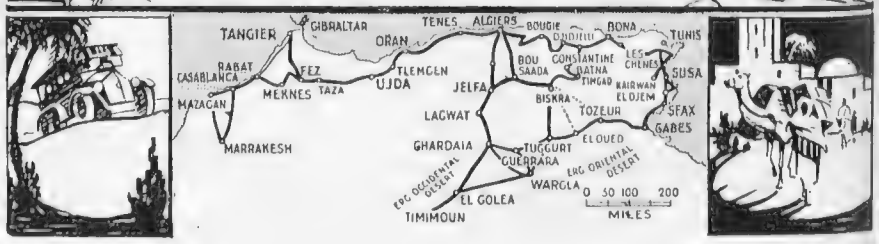

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CHILD'S PLAY: Miss Kitty Brunell, the well-known motorist, recently tested a new 20–30 h.p. Daimler fitted with the fluid flywheel and self-changing gear-box. The car is seen negotiating the rough surface encountered in Derbyshire

The PETROL WORLD

By

A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; and Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

UNJUST JUSTICE.—England is renowned throughout the world for the fair manner in which its laws are administered—a reputation which has been thoroughly deserved and which, until quite recently, has never been questioned. Only last week I read in a daily paper that a magistrate in Sussex commented upon the gross injustices that were meted out to motorists at a great number of our courts. Again *The Motor* had a leading article on the same subject in last week's issue, which was prompted by the publication of a letter dealing with the matter from Mr. Edgar Wallace. It is really time that this practice on the part of far too many adjudicators on the bench was brought into prominence. A thief or a murderer, even if guilty, has a sporting chance of being acquitted, but a motorist who travels slightly too fast, according to the antiquated law of the land, or whose tail light has ceased to function through a broken filament, has not an earthly hope of coming out of the court without paying a fine. In many instances the motorist is quite guiltless, but he is invariably advised by his lawyer that it is futile to fight the case as the result is a foregone conclusion against him. This is indeed a pretty pickle into which our sense of justice has floundered. A policeman has only to stand up in court and tell the bench that a motorist did 35 m.p.h. over a measured stretch, or disobeyed his signal, and a fine is imposed without any heed being given to the evidence of the unfortunate motorist. We, as Britishers, often look down with a certain amount of pride on the hopeless state into which the administration of American law has sunk, especially where serious crime is concerned. It seems to me, however, that our pride is not justified, and we are skating on very thin ice if we hold up the finger of scorn to our American friends, because we have flown off to the opposite extreme by our benches assuming that every motorist is guilty before the case is proved. I remember once asking a legal friend of mine to send a surveyor out to measure the furlong over which the police operated their stop-watches, but I was told that such a procedure would be so much waste of money because the magistrates would believe the men in blue rather than the qualified expert who might state that the furlong was too short.

WHEN IRISH BLOOD IS UP.—In the Irish Free State some years ago there was considerable police activity, and hundreds of motorists were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. The Royal Irish Automobile Club refused to accept the challenge lying down, and they actually instructed qualified surveyors to measure out the so-called furlong, and it was discovered that the distance over which the cars were timed was short. The result of this exposure, coupled with evidence that certain cars stated to have travelled at 50 m.p.h. up hill were quite incapable of performing the feat alleged so shook the confidence of several benches in the infallibility of the police that the latter abandoned their attacks on the motoring community and turned their energies to work more in keeping with their calling. I am firmly of the belief that if the same procedure was adopted by the R.A.C. or A.A. in this country we should find that some of the measured distances were not so long as they were supposed to be and that some of the watches employed would never obtain an "A" certificate from Kew. I cannot help thinking that something should be done, particularly now that the speed limit is about to be dropped.

(Continued on following page)

A SUNBEAM IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN: Baron Sato Kawasaki with his 25-h.p. Sunbeam fitted with a special Weymann saloon body. The shipping of the car to Japan was undertaken by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of Euston Road, N.W.

WITH TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE AND TWO YEARS' FREE PERIODICAL INSPECTION

EVERYTHING is included in the Car that can advance motoring luxury, driving ease and economy of running and maintenance. Note the special features, and test the Comet on the road. Demonstrations gladly arranged with your nearest Agent.

Equipment includes: SMITH'S HYDRAULIC JACKING SYSTEM (which lifts the whole car or any one individual wheel off the ground)—PATENT SIGNALLING WINDOW—SILENT THIRD-SPEED GEAR BOX—Bendix Perrot Brakes on four wheels—Luvax Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—SMITH'S Automatic thermostatic radiator shutters—High pressure engine lubrication—One-shot chassis lubrication—Reserve petrol supply—Concealed tables—Fog visor and fog light—Sliding roof—Window louvres, etc.

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THE NEW 'TWENTY' MAYFAIR SALOON

Money cannot buy you more . . .

Money cannot buy a more completely equipped, more thoroughly dependable car than the Austin 'Twenty'.

In the most recent addition to the line—the new five-passenger 'Mayfair' Saloon on the short wheel-base—is found every advancement that coachcraft can devise, or driver and passengers require.

Seating is so luxurious that the longest run has no fatigue. Then, for yet greater ease, are folding foot-rests, a hinged central arm-rest and side arm-rests, too ; folding occasional tables, companion sets, a roof net . . . in short, every comfort the owner driver would demand in a car built to his own ideal.

The appearance is equally impressive, equally beautiful. The broad panelled waistline moulding and window reveals if desired, may be picked out in light tones. The slightly sloping windshield, the long bonnet, the graceful low roof line, the rear quarter panelling curving down to the commodious built-in trunk — all give the car the stamp of inherent quality comparable to cars costing a great deal more.

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The New 'Twenty' Mayfair Saloon (6-*window*) **£530**

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— OVER 100 ROOMS —

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE & WORKS OF ART

FOR THE SON OF THE AGA KHAN: The 17–95 h.p., 2-litre, 6-cylinder supercharged Alfa-Romeo "Occasional Four" coupé, which H.H. Prince Ali Khan purchased during the Motor Show at Olympia

The PETROL WORLD (cont.)

SLUGGISH SELF-STARTERS.—Winter has come upon us with a suddenness which almost takes one's breath away, and last week when several mornings brought with them many degrees of frost quite a number of motorists never got to their offices, or were late. Self-starters groaned whilst struggling with an obstinate engine, and much bad language was uttered when skin came off knuckles or wrists were strained in fruitless efforts to put a bit of life into frozen metal. Every year I have groused, and I feel I must ventilate my grievance once again because the average British car is underbatteried as compared with its American counterpart. Why this should be I have never discovered, and I make one more plea to our home manufacturers to fit accumulators of much greater capacity to their cars. I am not asking for abnormal outsizes, but batteries large enough to leave us a margin on a real cold, frosty morning, so that if we forget to switch on or place the ignition and throttle levers in the best position for the first minute we shall not be condemned to turn a very stiff engine round by hand.

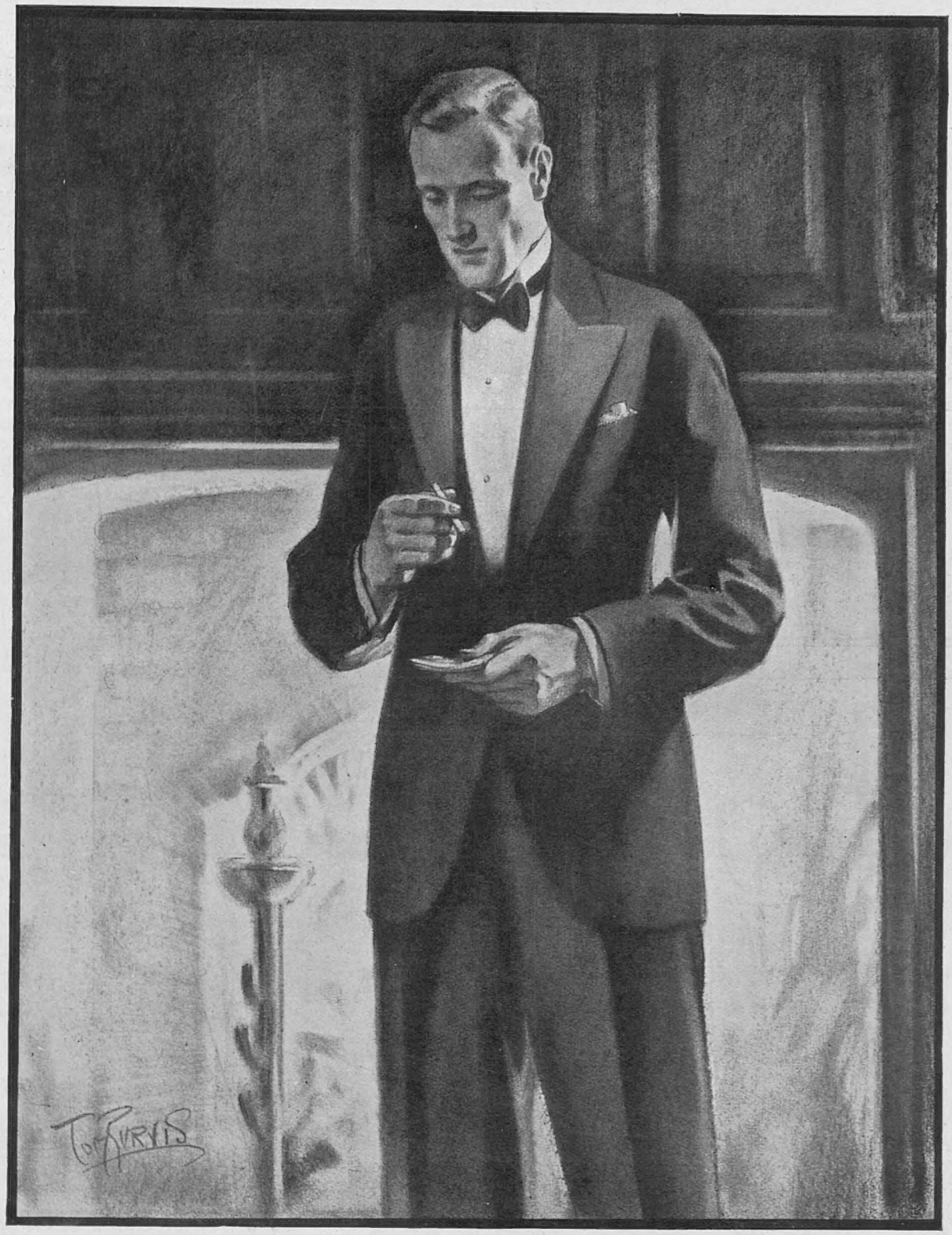
With the present British car I most strongly advise every owner to revolve the crankshaft two or three times by hand before attempting to start the engine by means of the electric starter. This is really essential unless the motorist does not object to using the starting handle for a longer period when the batteries have given up the ghost. I contend that if an electric starter is fitted it should function without assistance under all conditions. What, might I ask, would we think of a car that would not climb a really steep hill without the occupants getting out and pushing, even if that hill was only negotiated once in every year? The manufacturer who built such a chassis would without doubt be out of business in twelve months.

A LAUDABLE PILGRIMAGE—More than ordinary interest attaches to the expedition to Cape Town, which is being organized by Captain Geoffrey Malins, O.B.E., F.R.G.S., and which will start from London early next year. It is not a race from point to point; it is not a stunt in any shape or form; rather it constitutes a definite attempt to boost British goods—and particularly British motor-cars—in certain European and Asiatic countries, and in the great continent of Africa.

The exhibition is unique in that it is a mission organized and conducted by experts on behalf of British trade. It will advertise, it will investigate, it will tell, and it will *sell*. The convoy will consist of two British Riley cars, a trailer, and a motor-cycle as a tender. All manner of British products will be carried, and these will be demonstrated at each of the hundred centres which it is proposed to visit. Over forty British firms will be represented. Films depicting various processes of manufacture, etc., of the goods represented, will also be shown at each stopping place. The cars to be used are in the main standard Riley Alpine Sixes. The bodies are of the four-seater type, but the rear compartments have only one seat, the remainder being composed of luggage space, a cupboard for cameras, etc. In addition to the usual tank at the rear there are two other tanks, one just below the driver's seat, and one, by gravity, in front. Twenty-five gallons of fuel can be carried, and either of the two lower tanks can be worked by petrol pump or by pressure feed. Pressure can also transfer fuel from one tank to another.

The most novel feature of the cars perhaps is found in the arrangements which have been made to cross rivers. At each side of the cars there will be capacious air bags. When a river or stream which is too deep to ford is encountered, these bags will be inflated, and the cars will be launched and paddled across. The route selected leads through Europe, Asia Minor, and Palestine, to Cairo. Thence it will follow the All-Red route to Cape Town, deviating from time to time to include important centres. It is expected that the journey will occupy some ten or twelve months, and that over 12,000 miles will be covered. "Sound" films will be taken *en route*, and on his return to England Captain Malins will make a tour of the country, displaying the film and lecturing on his experiences.

SUNSHINE IN SURREY: Every week-end sees many motorists thronging to enjoy the beauties of autumn among the Surrey woods and hills. Above is seen a Ford Cabriolet climbing to Newland's Corner, near Guildford



A Confident Invitation

Let a man come prepared to criticise without compunction what the "New Tailoring" has to offer him. Let his own exacting standards be the criterion by which he assesses the value, quality, style and fit of "New Tailoring" dress clothes. Let him compare the speed and certainty of choosing clothes instead of cloth with the delay and possible disappointment of the older methods. Finally, let him be pleasantly aware while doing all this, that, until he signifies unreserved approval, the question of purchase will not arise.

Dress Coat - 7 gns. Dinner Jacket 4½ & 6 gns. Waistcoat - 30/- Trousers - 45/-

Any garment can be purchased separately and matched at any future time.

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THE "NEW TAILORING"—*The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

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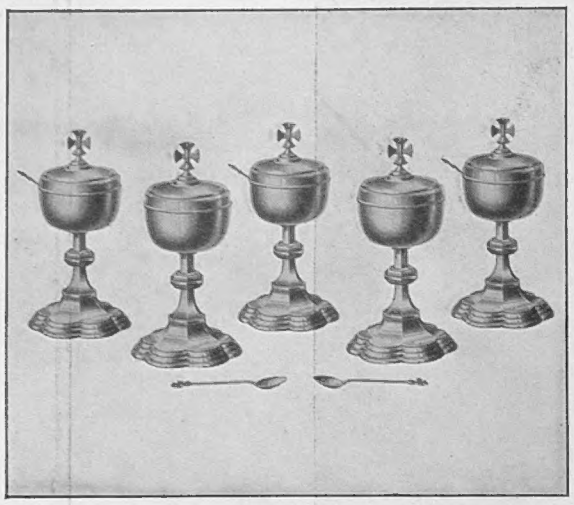
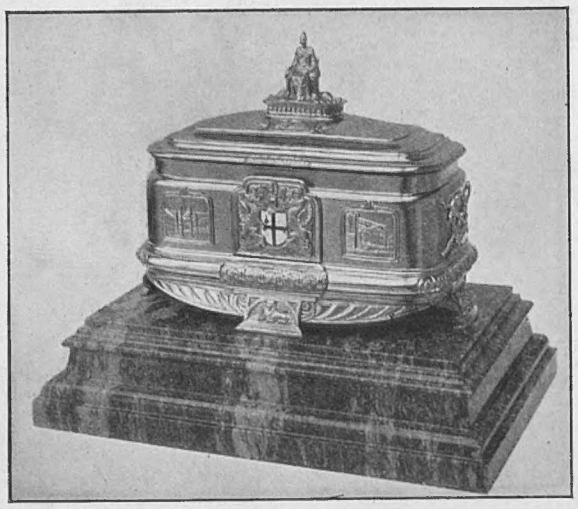


THE SOLID GOLD CIBORIA presented by the Emperor of Ethiopia to the new Cathedral at Abbas Ababa. They were made by Mappin and Webb of London, who also executed the orders and decorations bestowed in connection with the recent Coronation

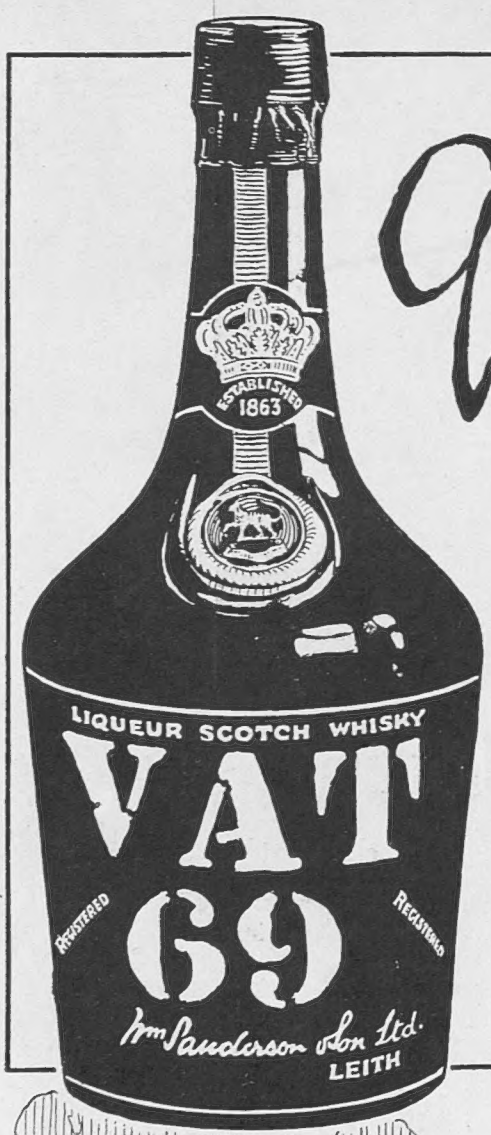
THE AUTHOR OF A MUSICAL COMEDY: Miss Evadne Price, who has written the book of *The Speed Girl*, a Julian Wylie venture



THE CASKETS presented with the Freedom of the City of London to the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Specially designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company of 112, Regent Street, W.1.

ALL ABOUT WINTER SPORTS

You can learn all there is to know about winter sports, and the right kit to wear, by paying a visit to Burberrys in the Haymarket. Daily from Monday, November 17 to Friday, November 21, these well-known experts on all matters relative to sport are holding a series of mannequin displays at which their latest models for ski-ing, skating, and luge-ing for men, women, and children, will be shown in surroundings that have been arranged to resemble the Swiss snow-fields. Anyone who is planning a winter sports holiday, and wants to be certain that their kit is both correct and practical, cannot do better than attend one of these parades, which are scheduled to take place in the morning from 11.30 to 1 o'clock and in the afternoon from 2.30 to 5 o'clock. Burberry suits are designed by experts, which means that, above all things, they are workmanlike, providing just that degree of warmth and comfort which is essential to enjoyment, and allowing unrestricted freedom for active movement. The materials from which they are made are snow, wind, and wet proof, although they ventilate naturally, are light in weight, and cool to wear under a hot sun.



Quality Tells

"Quality Tells. The beautiful Vat 69 Bottle, unusual in shape and finished with a ribbon of silk and a waxen seal, possesses a truly aristocratic air, well reflecting the exceptionally fine quality of the contents." *"Tatler."*

Wm. Sanderson & Son. Ltd
Distillers — LEITH
Estd. 1863.

"WINTER SPORTS ANNUAL"

The famous firm of Thos. Cook and Son has, following its usual custom, produced a brochure, *Winter Sport*, 1930–31, which should prove not only attractive but almost indispensable to those who are thinking of sporting in the snow this season. Dealing first with the all-important subject of dress, the booklet not only points out what should be bought but also recommends its readers to the most suitable shops. Passing on, the subject of locality is raised. Shall it be England in the north, or the Midlands, Scotland, Austria, comprising Salzburg, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, France, Italy, Scandinavia, or Switzerland? Every resort in every locality is briefly but comprehensively discussed, with maps and tours through the neighbouring resorts. In addition, the resort being once selected, Cook's will send to readers, post free, booklets dealing with the accommodation at the designated place and, in no fewer than thirty winter sports resorts in Switzerland, have the allotting of rooms in advance, and, in addition, will make arrangements for localities in other countries. In addition to this little volume, Cook's have also published a volume entitled the *Winter Sports Annual*, which costs 1s. (1s. 2d. by post), which should be of great value to the winter sports neophyte.

A FITTING DESIGN: The cover of a useful pamphlet published for Lillywhite's, the famous house in Piccadilly Circus, whose winter sports clothes are justly known all over the world

PETER POTTER

Her Majesty the Queen last week visited the shop of Peter Potter, Ltd., at 9, Wigmore Street, London, W., and made several purchases. Her Majesty expressed herself as very pleased with the shop and its contents. At Peter Potter may be found a complete range of the charming ware produced by Ashtead Potters, a group of disabled ex-Service men drawn together by the late Sir Lawrence Weaver, and engaged in the manufacture of pottery under favourable living conditions at Ashtead. It offers for sale all kinds of attractive pottery and glassware suitable for daily use as well as for decoration. The designs are considered to be amongst the best in the country.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Boys and Band from the Training Ship *Arethusa* were unfortunately prevented from taking their usual place in the Lord Mayor's Show owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever in the training ship. This was a very great disappointment to the boys, and the outbreak of scarlet fever brings further expense to the Society. Contributions to assist in carrying on the work in the training ship and in the Society's various homes, will be gratefully received from readers of THE SPHERE. Contributions should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 15, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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"Give me Player's every time"

Player's Please

In Blue Cardboard Boxes
25 for 1/3

It's the Tobacco that Counts

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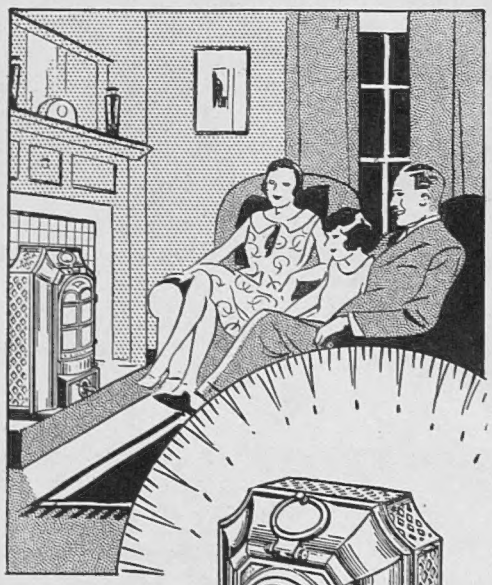
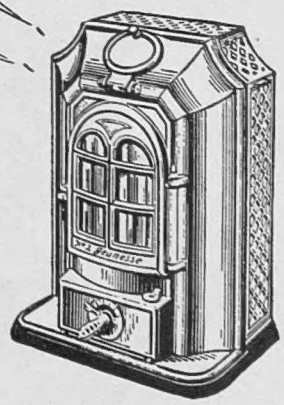
"ESSE" in YOUR HOME



Gives pure, healthy, ventilated warmth controlled at will; freedom from the dirt and dust of the open coal fire, the smell and risk of the gas fire, or the prohibitive expense of electricity. Fed once daily with anthracite—the clean, smokeless fuel—the fire need never go out.



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Large variety of designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards.

ESSE

Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Some minutes after a beginner's sniff of perhaps half a gram, a lovely warmth invades the body; one appears to be liberated from chains, to float in serenity, but with the additional joy of an intensely sharpened intelligence which enables you to flit brilliantly from thought to thought. Everything becomes luminous, clear; you have entered another world of the mind. Every care, ugliness, is banished; and gradually a delicious voluptuousness overtakes you, leaving anything else you may have experienced far behind. This voluptuous sensation is general, not to be localised, but is of the body as much as of the mind. And as one of the effects is the annihilation of time, certain primitive instincts find unexampled outlet. The whole being is thrilled by a feeling of absolute happiness in which an extreme sensitiveness only absorbs rosiness and rejects all else. Sometimes you feel you are soaring aloft, weightless; then you fall back into a lovely languor. Gorgeous pictures, scenery, rise up in your vision. Or you are scheming out a hundred new and brilliant notions for the future. As for the world with all its woe, you simply are unaware of its existence. A man may have lost the one he lived for, and forget it. A banal book becomes thrilling, poor wine tastes like nectar, a cheap cigarette might have come from a super-harem. And you don't care *that* about anything or anybody! So it is with the beginner. Nor do you suffer greatly—at first—in the coming-back-to-earth period. You just feel uneasy, restless, not yourself, wanting quiet and solitude more than anything else. You take it. And next day feel really little, if any, the worse. And what a wonderful three or four hours you have had!

It may be weeks before you try again; but the day will come . . . .

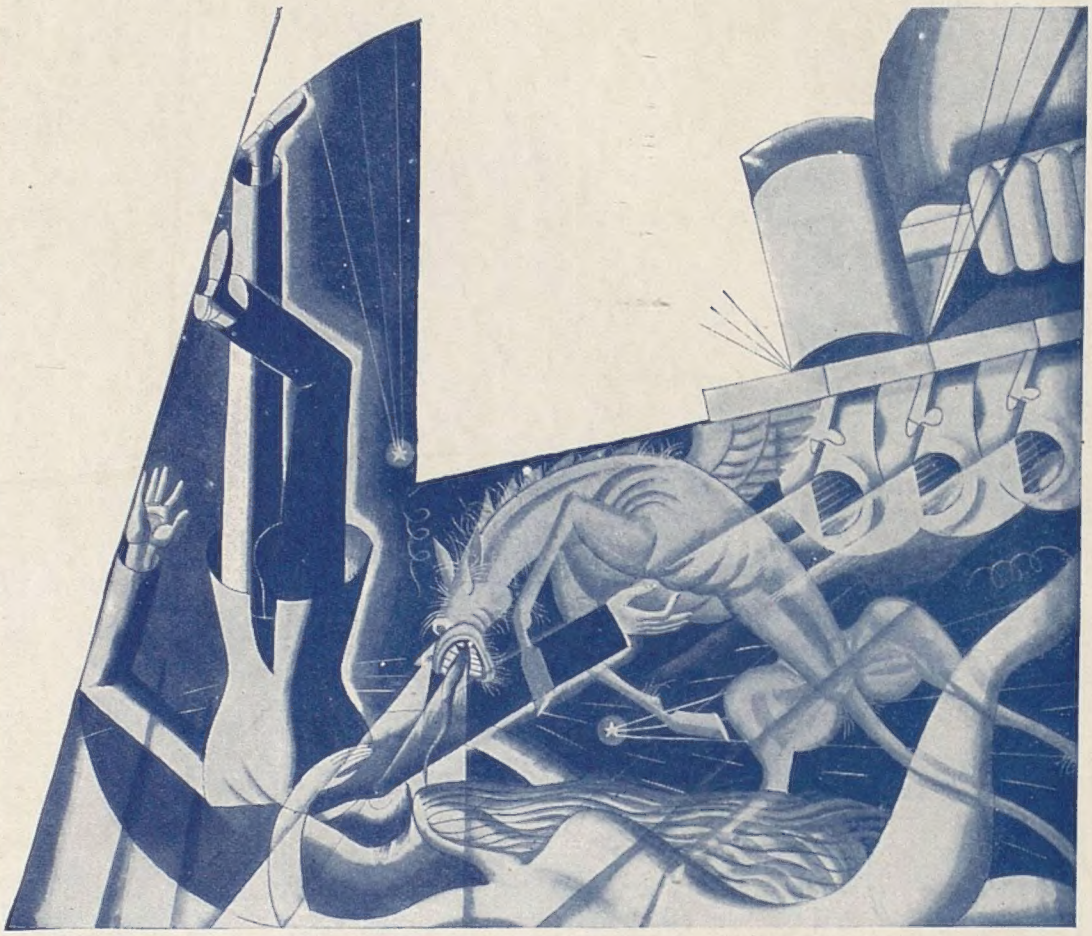
◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

I do not wish to sensationalise, I deal in facts. And here is one fact which will loom larger and larger in the immediate times ahead; unless something radical is done about the cocaine and heroin traffic, we shall be breeding a high racial percentage of idiots twenty or thirty or forty years on. I have no doubt that something will be done—although the task is dreadfully difficult—but my job here at the moment is to try to set down a living picture of the present state of the dope traffic, together with its effects. Several months' cruising round Europe led to the assembling of the material here collated. Brussels, Bordeaux, Berlin, Vienna, Tunis, Toulon, Paris, Geneva, Marseilles, are only a few places that come to mind. The thing is widespread, and for reasons which will become apparent. It might be as well if the zealous League spared a little of its time and energy from attacking the British Empire over the opium traffic and diverted its talent towards routing out and curbing the ravages of the Crystal Fairy. Opium sends one quietly into dreamland, whatever its subsequent workings. Cocaine and heroin breed criminals, wrecks, lunatics, and have the direct opposite effect of smoking a soothing "pill." . . . .

An Article few people Could Write . . . .

Much has been written upon the evil of the drug-taking menace, but it has not often fallen to the lot of an experienced journalist to secure so vivid a picture of the "snow" taker's hallucinations . . . . then the descent, deeper and deeper, until death can be but little beside what the addict goes through.

The story is hard to write because the addict cannot tell.



'It may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the control of the manufacture of such drugs in all countries, as urged by the Committee of the League of Nations, will cut to the root of an evil against which civilised opinion is thoroughly roused.'—"Daily Telegraph."

In "THE CRYSTAL FAIRY," by Ferdinand Tuohy, amazing revelations unmask the growing traffic in tragedy from dope . . . . cocaine — heroin! Read this remarkable article in the November issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

ON SALE NOW—ONE SHILLING

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